AUGUST 1953

COMMENTARY

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Robert Gorham Davis — Arthur Mann — Aleph V. Sherman

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by Stanley A. Wolpert*

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

The Right Wing in Congress *Maurice J. Goldbloom*

Who is the right wing in Congress, and how strong is it? Does it "run the government," or only exercise a negative role, modifying what the center proposes, but being too weak to carry through a program of its own?

The Negro and His Culture *Steven Marcus*

Through a discussion of three recent and notable novels by Negroes—Richard Wright's *The Outsider,* Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man,* and James Baldwin's *Go Tell It on the Mountain*—Mr. Marcus tries to picture the dilemma of the Negro writer seeking to transcend the limits of the "race problem."

Can the Modern Jew Feel Chosen? *Will Herberg*

A basic tenet, if not the core, of Jewish belief has been the chosenness of Israel. Will Herberg, disagreeing with those contemporary Jewish thinkers who consider our chosenness no longer tenable, tells why he believes it can remain an essential part of Judaism today.

Vergil: Prophet to the Gentiles *Moses Hadas*

Professor Hadas shows that there is every reason to believe that Vergil was acquainted with Hebrew ideas as part of the general complex of Oriental lore that came within the ken of Greeks and Romans of his time. And it is likely that the seeds of the political ideals expressed in the *Aeneid,* which had such influence on the medieval and later West, were found in Moses and the Prophets.

Iraq: Independence and "Development" *Ray Alan*

In Bagdad, buildings are put up with only the most rudimentary foundations or none at all, and Iraqi politics has much the same insubstantial appearance. All this may be the awkwardness of growth—but of growth towards what? An experienced Middle East observer tries to answer.

Yiddish Literature in America *Judd L. Teller*

Probably the single most fascinating aspect of American Jewish cultural life so far has been the efflorescence in New York of a literature in the "jargon." Alas, that literature is now in decline—for lack of readers, and other reasons. Mr. Teller's survey will offer revelations to many a Jew who thought he already knew the story.

The Jew on the Drugstore Book Rack *Meyer Levin*

One of the consequences of the paper-back book is already clear: it was easier to oppose censorship when books sold to thousands at $2.50 than when they sell to millions at twenty-five cents. Meyer Levin here considers what can or should be done about the lurid figure of the Jew as gangster that has become a staple of several soft-cover best-sellers.

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COMMENTARY

EISENHOWER AND THE CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION

The Dream That Is Not to Be

J. K. GALBRAITH

OUR folklore has long held that the difference between the political left and right in the United States—I am not here concerned with the pathological extremes—lies at least partly in the approach to reality. The left is romantic; the right is realistic. On the left one finds idealists who dream of a better world; the right is hard-headed, pragmatic, and wholly aware of the confining qualities of facts and human nature. It is my impression that a good many liberals are inclined to acquiesce in their reputation for visionary idealism. They agree that the hard-headed men are in the opposition. As for themselves, they may be impractical but at least they have ideas.

Such is the myth, and it is not easily squared with the facts of our time. In the election last autumn not many of the liberals who worked so ardently for Stevenson could have supposed that the government of the United States would be radically changed were their man elected. It would be the Fair Deal less the 5 per cent, with friends instead of cronies, and with national policies articulated for adults. Their candidate promised no more.

Things were very different on the Republican side. Many devoted Eisenhower supporters did expect great changes if their candidate gained office. They foresaw a new kind of government in Washington with a very different relation to their own lives and the economic life of the country at large. General Eisenhower, or at least his speechwriters, also made it clear that if he went to Washington there would be sweeping changes, and a part of his following undoubtedly took him at his literal word. It was the country clubs and not the serious set—and certainly not the union halls—which buzzed last fall with talk of a new social order.

Though the notion may come to many as a surprise, there is really nothing very remarkable about this. For a long while it has been conservatives—one group of conservatives—not liberals, who have been dreaming

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THROUGH twenty long years of big government, "interference" with business, and lopsided budgets, the Republican opposition—or at least its most vocal spokesmen—dreamt longingly of a return to a laissez-faire, small-government, low-tax economy. Last fall the Conservative Dream seemed about to be realized. But, J. K. GALBRAITH here asserts, the New and Fair Deals were in large part a response to necessities, and the Eisenhower administration, responding to the same necessities, may prove as frustrating to the anti-New Dealers of the farther right as the Democrats were. Mr. Galbraith teaches economics at Harvard University and is the author of *American Capitalism* (1952). He last appeared in these pages with "Will 'Managed Capitalism' Pull Us Through?" (August 1951).

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of a different world. Unlike the liberals, they have had—in the writings of Hayek, von Mises, Henry Hazlitt, and others—a literature depicting an economic and political order radically different from any we now know. Liberals in the United States have no counterpart of such blueprints.

A GOVERNMENT far smaller and far more passive than at present is the *sine qua non* of the conservative's system. In part this is an end that can be achieved by better administration. The public service is viewed as an enclave where the easygoing, the impractical, and the over-sophisticated find refuge from the rigors of competitive existence. The work now done by these slothful and somnambulant hordes could be executed by a far smaller number of firm-jawed and forthright men who know precisely what they are about. And because they know what they are doing there would be no silly mistakes—no wasteful extravagances on air bases in Africa, no buying of mountains of mouldy potatoes, no procurement of overcoats that a soldier cannot carry. These things do not happen in business; with a business administration they would not happen in Washington.

But more than good administration is required. Government in this system confines itself to the protection of persons and property, securing the national defense, and to as little else as possible. It is because of such restraint that administration can be lean and compact, that the budget can be balanced and taxes reduced.

Any detailed concern with the minutiae of individual welfare and any temptation to manage the economy must be particularly resisted. Controls and social measures shield and protect the few but discourage and damage the many. Freed of such restraints, the economy would respond with increased production and a more rapid rate of growth. Everyone who deserved to be better off would be better off.

In this system the dead hand of bureaucracy and the crushing burdens of taxation are the principal things which prevent the businessman from providing jobs. Lift these and the threat of depression obviously disappears. Prodigal government is the principal cause of inflation. With reduced government spending that threat also vanishes. Management of the economy is unnecessary. There remains only the ancient and inevitable mechanism of supply and demand which metes out a rugged justice in which strong men glory. The able and efficient are rewarded and they keep their reward. The incompetent and the lazy are extruded as they should be.

There are other details of this society which can be altered to suit individual taste. For some, it requires a healthy and uninhibited foreign trade which will bring us inexpensive raw materals and eliminate the need to subsidize enfeebled allies. For others it requires a tariff to reinforce the American businessman's ability to provide jobs at American wages.

These matters, though not unimportant, are not central to the design. On the central features—a slim, precise and sure-footed bureaucracy, low taxes and a balanced budget, many fewer government functions, freedom from controls, and reliance on uninhibited and modestly taxed energies for a good and largely automatic performance by the economy—there is general agreement.

It would be grossly unfair to General Eisenhower to suggest that, as a candidate, he committed himself to all of the specifics of the system just outlined. But this is an image—a goal—that is deeply imprinted in the minds of hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions of his more influential supporters. And the General's picture of the government of the United States as a vastly overgrown, incompetent, and meddlesome thing, and his magic reference to the mess in Washington, could only mean to such supporters that he had caught the essence of the conservative dream. Without doubt the commitment accepted by this part of his audience went far beyond his words.

Their man won, and in the manner of people who win elections it is reasonable to suppose that they are expecting results. Lib-

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erals will mostly respond by saying that the goal they seek is not a good one—that it is harsh and heartless and altogether not very nice. The much more immediate question, however, is whether substantial progress can be made toward this conservative utopia. It has commonly been suggested of socialists that they have voted for a dream that could not be realized on earth. It is important to know whether the same thing is happening on the right.

THE hope for the conservative utopia depends, in the last analysis, on the same optimistic view of man's social destiny that socialists have long held. In this view we can have any social order that we will to have—the decisions of man, not the rule of circumstance, are controlling. The New and Fair Deals were what the New and Fair Dealers wanted to make them. The conservative goal is equally possible if that is what the government wills to have.

Such a view is, to say the least, somewhat sanguine. The first hope of the conservative idealist, I have suggested, is for greatly improved administration. In fact, there is little that the New Team can or will do to reform the management of the federal government.

This is not because waste and lost motion are lacking in Washington—there is a great deal of both. But, unfortunately, there is little wholesale waste that can be readily detected and which, accordingly, lends itself to drastic surgery. Most of it is retail or intercellular and therefore hard to find. It will yield only to painstaking improvements at all levels in the public service—to the development of better leaders and to improvement in morale, technical competence, and sense of service of public employees everywhere. With this will go a better adjustment of talent to task and—by way of correcting the worst shortcoming of government—a better adjustment of workers to work to be done. All this takes time. Improvement is possible, but revolutionary improvement is impossible.

Those who are counting on great reforms in administration are thinking, without much doubt, of sweeping reorganization of departments and bureaus and also of the fact that, for the first time in some years, the leadership of government departments is now almost completely in the hands of businessmen. But if gains were possible from reorganizing and reshuffling bureaus, the federal government would now be the most efficient piece of administrative machinery in the world. We have been reorganizing for twenty years and undoubtedly hold some sort of world's record for this sort of thing. Reorganization is a seductive activity, for, while the disadvantages of any existing organization are always extraordinarily evident, the possibly greater disadvantages of the alternative never become apparent until the reorganization is completed. (Then there is another.) It is possible that since the time of Cordell Hull the State Department has needed nothing so much as a brief breathing spell from reorganizations.

Just as there is no hope for great improvement from reorganization, so it is unwise to count too heavily on business administration. It will be recalled that there have been businessmen in Washington before—hundreds of them. There is no reason to think that these were an unrepresentative selection. Some were very good managers and some were very poor. It was a common wartime observation that in the new world of Washington the businessmen, in comparison with professional civil servants, lawyers, or college professors, suffered from a tendency to underestimate what they did not know and also from an inclination to wait for crises to develop rather than to forestall them. While the myth runs strongly to the contrary, it is certain that the American businessman is also an exceptionally tolerant chap. Few men are more unwilling to jeopardize personal relationships by trampling on other people's toes; there is a well-developed habit of protecting the ego of colleagues and subordinates even to the admitted stuffed shirt. The fact that business is a highly organized activity wherein men must work amicably together may well make any other kind of behavior intolerable. But it does not lead to tough, rigorous, demanding administration.

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However, such generalizations on the administrative capacities of particular groups are not of great moment. The important thing is that, even with the best will and capacity, the federal bureaucracy can be changed only slowly. It is only in the press releases and in *Time* that a public agency is dramatically streamlined. It is significant that to get economy in the Defense Department, a notably unstreamlined agency, no alternative could be found, when the test came, to a highly controversial cut in the Air Force budget.

There will also continue to be errors, bobbles, and downright mistakes—the early months of the new administration have not been precisely free of them. The notion that business can supply a hard-headed cadre of executives who, unlike civil servants and politicians, are above error is based partly on romance and partly on the fact that Washington has, and the business world does not have, machinery for uncovering and publicizing mistakes. Mr. Charles E. Wilson, during his years at General Motors, never had to fear the headline WASTE EXPOSED IN NEW BUICK PLANT, not because waste was totally absent from GM operations but because no one was seeking it out in order to advertise it. Moreover, it is the peculiar good fortune of the businessman at home that he can write off a bad idea as an indication of his wholly admirable willingness to invest risk capital. Washington is not so tolerant. There, in addition, one man's wisdom is another man's bobble and vice versa. Mr. Wilson's unhappy miss in the matter of the low bid of an English firm on the generators for the Chief Joseph dam was undoubtedly for some citizens an enlightened effort to protect American jobs and markets.

THUS the notion that the New Team can do the same public tasks with much greater efficiency—and without bumbling or fumbling—is almost certainly an illusion. However, conservative hopes have not been for a government that does the same for less, but for one that does much less for very much less. Here too, however, there are formidable barriers to any advance toward the conservative utopia.

First, of course, there is the intractable problem of military expenditures. They account for approximately 60 per cent of the current budget and are the most important reason why the government is big, and they also, until recently, have accounted for some of the most intrusive of its controls. In the past there has been a tendency on the right to regard this sort of explanation of big government as Fair Deal special pleading. Price and rent controls, in particular, have regularly been viewed as the result of ideological preference rather than economic necessity. Now the unsophisticated arithmetic of the matter, namely that the government cannot be small while military outlays are large, is in command. The conservative ideal is inescapably in conflict with the admitted requirements of national security. The new administration was able, to be sure, to discard price and wage controls, but these had become largely redundant. It would have taken a formidable commitment to the idea of control for the sake of control to have kept them. Circumstances did require the continuation of a limited control over rents—in some respects now the least equitable of controls.

Military expenditures and such contractual obligations as payments of interest and aids to veterans comprise the substance of big government (and also account for nearly all the increase in government outlays since 1939). However, it is the remaining civilian functions, in all their infinite variety, which convey the *impression* of big and ubiquitous government. If these could be drastically curtailed there would still be evidence of progress toward the goal.

Unfortunately, the administration, while it is pledged to cuts in government functions in general, is pledged or morally bound to the maintenance of the status quo in nearly every particular. Thus the present farm program, an exceedingly costly and elaborate form of government intervention, received the nearly unqualified blessing of General Eisenhower during the campaign. (The Re-

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publican platform, written by men for whom the conservative ideal was a more deeply cherished goal, did imply a much more general curtailment of the farm legislation.) In St. Paul last winter, Secretary of Agriculture Benson suggested some retreat from the present policy of providing comparatively generous supports to the prices of staple farm products. The lack of agrarian enthusiasm for the idea was so vociferous that he devoted several more speeches to assuring his audiences that he would stand firm at least for a while. This means that the fixing of minimum prices for farm products, loan and storage operations, government purchases of products in the magnitude of Secretary Brannan's famous potato operation (one is now under way for butter), all will be continued. Next year, it seems almost certain, there will be acreage allotments and marketing quotas for wheat and cotton—the most comprehensive forms of regimentation devised by the New Deal. For soil conservation, an activity with many markedly paternalistic overtones, Congress recently voted the Secretary more money than he requested.

Similarly, although nothing so completely symbolizes the welfare state as social security, President Eisenhower is firmly on record for more rather than less of it. Perhaps there won't be more, but it is hard to suppose there will be much less. But even where there are no commitments, the administration has little more freedom of movement. Functions are deeply defended by special interest or—the far more common situation—are deeply sanctioned by custom. Sentiment for states' rights does not go so far as to allow abandonment of grants-in-aid for roads, research, or agricultural extension, to all of which state budgets are accommodated. Our devotion to private enterprise does not run to such extremes as to allow elimination of subsidies to shipbuilding, the shipping companies, or to air routes. The Post Office, the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, the Library of Congress, the Senate subway, the Corps of Engineers, the Panama Canal, the Farm Credit Administration, the Alaska Railroad, and several thousand other enterprises are now so completely a part of our way of life that they cannot be disturbed. In fact, nearly everything the government is doing, it has been doing long enough for the activity to seem commonplace and conservative, especially to those who benefit from it. One of the misfortunes of the new administration is the paucity of new public services in recent years. This means that there is little that can be dispensed with that isn't already habitual. The most important of the postwar innovations, the public housing program, has already been cut to the point of extinction by previous Congresses.

As a result, government under Eisenhower will be about as big and have about the same range of functions as government under Truman. This does not mean that the new administration will endear itself to liberals. There will undoubtedly be enough curtailment of what are thought to be important functions as well as enough difference of opinion on policy questions—trade and tariffs, tax incidence and alienation of resources, for example—to sustain liberal indignation on economic questions. But the liberals did not vote for Eisenhower. The conservative idealists did and they will have much more legitimate grounds for complaint. Under the best of circumstances, performance is certain to fall far short of the ideal which they have formulated. Their hoped-for atrophy of the federal government, even under the best of circumstances, will not occur. Should there be war or an increased threat of war, government will get even bigger—at least until Washington is blotted out. And should there be a depression it will also be bigger, for the President has promised, in such an eventuality, that all of the resources of the government will be mobilized to deal with it. This would mean, as Secretary Humphrey has already implied, a planned increase in public spending and steps have been taken—or at least announced—to initiate a survey of needed projects. With reduced tax revenues, this would mean, inevitably, deficit financing and thus, as a climax, the New Team would be joined by the *deus ex machina* of the New Dealers, the most suspect figure of them all,

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John Maynard Keynes. While Keynes's reputation for social radicalism is greatly exaggerated, it is hard to believe that many Republicans voted for him last fall.

ANY political party can be roughly thought of as composed of two types of people—those who are loyal to party and those whose first allegiance is to principle. A large part of the Republican leadership will almost certainly acquiesce in what will look to truly devout conservatives like a continuation or at most a mild attenuation of the Fair Deal. Members of the executive, in particular, will be disposed to do so. The changes in attitude that are required are not especially difficult for men who are in positions of responsibility; the intellectual process is basically the same as occurred under the New and Fair Deals. Then, as will be the case now, administrators found themselves making what seemed to be the most practical or least troublesome adaptation to overriding circumstances. It will be interesting, but it should occasion no surprise during the months ahead, to hear Secretaries Humphrey, Wilson, or Weeks explaining, in reminiscent tones, the inevitability of big government, the inescapability of high taxes, and perhaps, should depression come, the desirability of a substantial deficit. There will be like—though fewer—voices in Congress, and Senator Taft has already shown that with health his will be one. The great opposition mistake in the past was in supposing that the Democratic administrations were for the policies just mentioned as a matter of ideological preference. In fact, they were rationalizing what seemed to them to be the only thing to do.

However, there will be many who will not accept the fact of continued big government and all that goes with it. These are the men of principle, and their loyalty will remain with the idea and not with the party that appears to be betraying the revolution. And the concessions that can be made to their point of view that still fall short of political disaster—concessions which the administration may well seek to make—will look woefully inadequate. It is more than a straw in the wind that Congressmen Taber and Reed have already effectively broken with their party on the issues of appropriations and taxes. Congressman Reed flatly declared that a failure to reduce taxes would be a betrayal of the electorate. This is an issue which summarizes the success or failure of the conservative revolution and touches the pocketbook as well. It is especially calculated to divide the right.

There is nothing very unusual about a split in a political party or in discovering that the Republicans are likely to be as divided on domestic issues as on foreign policy. The much more interesting thing is how closely the Republican division parallels past tendencies to division on the left. When it was the left that had the vision of a new world, it had to contend with the differences between those who wanted action and those who wished to be practical and stay in office. Now that the vision of a different (if not precisely new) order is on the right, there one finds the Bevans who make life uneasy for the men in office. The Democrats by contrast—the party of the New Deal and Fair Deal—are united by a program that is already enacted and by a convenient absence of any ideas for extending it.

Parties, especially in the United States, have far more often survived than succumbed to division. Doubtless the Republican party can survive a struggle between those who either reject the conservative dream or feel they must yield to circumstances, and those whose mood and freedom from responsibility allow no such surrender. After all, the alternative for both is to lose power and, who knows, risk another Roosevelt besides. But so long as the vision of a different society is so strongly held on the right as now, there we shall find the prime focus of political conflict. Those who look for it in debate between Fair Deal Democrats and Old Line Republicans will be rewarded with a certain amount of sound and fury. But this will be the form and not the substance of political difference. The latter will be along the line where men divide as to the nature of the economic society we should (or can) have.

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THE BERLIN EVENTS: COLD WAR TURNING POINT?

A First-hand Report of the Uprising

JOHN McCORMICK

West Berlin

WEST BERLIN on Wednesday morning, June 17, was seething with every manner of rumor, report, information which had the tinny clank of falseness, and still other information which rang true but seemed utterly impossible. East Berlin was said to be in flames; "Vopos" (Volkspolizei) and striking workers from the steel mills at Henningsdorf, just outside the city in the Eastern Zone, were supposed to be fighting pitched battles in Marx-Engels Platz, in Alexanderplatz, and even at the sector border in Potsdamer Platz. I telephoned from my office in the University to a friend whose office was near the East sector; he confirmed that fires had broken out—he could see the smoke from his window, as well as hear shots which seemed to come from Potsdamer Platz. The subway men were striking and had left their trains, he added.

I delivered my scheduled lecture on Hawthorne to a shrunken audience, and then hurried home to change into older clothes before setting out to see for myself what was happening. When I stopped in a store to buy food for my dog, the groceryman showed me a late edition of the *Abend* reporting that Russian troops had been sent to Berlin in force. We agreed that the story was undoubtedly exaggerated, yet fragmentary radio reports confirmed that serious riots were in progress.

It seemed incredible. After the recent Soviet *détente* we were prepared for peace, not for war, revolution, riot, or whatever it was. I remembered a headline the week before, when the East German government had announced the easing of travel restrictions and the surprising peace with the Church, *"Endlich atmet man auf"*: at last we can breathe.

I decided to head for Brandenburger Tor (or Gate), traditional center of uprisings in Berlin, and an easier location to reach on foot. At that it was a fast thirty-minute walk from the end of the streetcar line near the Tiergarten. The day was oppressive; a hot sun shining through heavy rain clouds made the air cling to one's lungs. Breathing was all too conscious. The Tiergarten is a green No Man's Land between busy downtown West Berlin and the bombed-out rubble of the sector boundary between the Russian and British sectors. Men bare to the waist and greasy with sweat were mowing isolated patches of hay with scythes; the rest was a lush growth of weeds and stunted trees, riddled by the bombs, shells, and bullets of eight years before. Only a bombed-out bell tower, the Prussian Victory Memorial commemorating 1870, and the monstrous and absurd statues of Bismarck and Moltke, chipped and abandoned-looking, remained

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WHEN that dream which has haunted Marxists for a hundred years, of a spontaneous popular uprising with workers massed in the forefront, again took on actuality in the form that had been classically envisaged by Marx himself, in East Berlin this past June—it was ironically against a regime that claims to be Marx's proletarian government in the flesh. We are fortunate to have had so perceptive an eyewitness as JOHN MCCORMICK on the spot to report these stirring events that have so greatly shaken the prestige of Soviet rule, and, by their demonstration that "working-class heroism" could be something more than an empty cant term in the mouths of Communists and their friends, encouraged free men everywhere. Mr. McCormick, who was born in Thief River Falls, Minnesota, in 1918, commanded two ships during the war and now lectures on American history and literature at the Free University in Berlin. He recently completed a book of literary criticism, and is now working on a novel.

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to evoke Imperial Germany, or the Prussia of pre-1848, which had forbidden its citizens to smoke in this very Tiergarten.

Turning into the Charlottenburger Chaussée, which leads past the Russian World War II Memorial directly into Brandenburger Tor, I joined a column made up of hundreds of West Berliners on their way to the sector borders to see what was going on. The stream of cars, motorcycles, and bicycles, together with the pedestrians, looked like refugees rather than people only moving from one city neighborhood to another. Berliners of all sorts were there: shady-looking characters of the kind who ease up to foreigners and offer to change money, middle-aged couples arm in arm, lovers, students, businessmen with the inevitable German briefcase and tan gloves, young boys, workmen, actual refugees from the East returning only as far as the border to watch what was happening. All these people were gesturing towards the columns of smoke now clearly visible in the near distance and talking quietly about the day's rumors. As we drew closer to the boundary, a machine gun was suddenly heard firing in businesslike, methodical bursts. Some of the pedestrians paused, a few turned back, but most only walked ahead faster.

In the broad paved square on the British side of Brandenburger Tor, the parked cars, the milling crowd, the squads and platoons of West Berlin police, looked like the outside area of the Indianapolis speedway on Memorial Day. They stretched back for perhaps half a mile. At the farthest and safest distance from the sector boundary the expensive Mercedes-Benzes, a Cadillac, Buicks and Chryslers, here and there a British Jaguar, were parked. Next came the Volkswagens, row on row, the Opels, the Fiats. But a mere thirty yards from the Tor the motorcycles and motor bikes lay at uneasy angles to the curb, while the bicycles were stacked in anarchic piles among the police vehicles. From the direction of Potsdamer Platz, perhaps half a mile or so away, one could hear occasional firing, but for the moment the Brandenburger Tor area was quiet. One rumor I at once established as truth: from the top of the Tor itself the familiar red flag had been removed, and the black-red-gold of the old united Germany hung limply in the sticky air.

For the moment the crowd was more interesting than the uprising. The holiday air was unmistakable. As I made my way slowly towards the Brandenburger Tor, I saw American soldiers with cameras, occasional tourists oppressed with two or sometimes three cameras of various types dangling on their stomachs. Well-dressed women, borrowing high-powered binoculars from their sons, husbands, or lovers, had climbed up on fenders or even car tops to observe raw history. Everywhere the cameras: long-distance lenses, clickings and whirrings of shutters. One man slowly turned his torso in the telltale 120-degree arc of the amateur moving-picture enthusiast sweeping a scene. German women as a rule do not attract my American eye: they affect decorative frills, hats with elastic chin-bands against the Prussian wind, and tend to fat in the bargain. But today, smoke and violence had brought out an unusually handsome group. At no social function in all my time in Germany had I seen so smart-looking a group of German women.

The crowd, too, had sorted itself out according to class divisions. Marx would have felt vindicated. When I was a short distance from the Tor firing broke out just beyond it. Fewer and fewer cameras were to be seen. Here the crowd was made up mainly of East sector people who had surged through into the West in the morning demonstrations. They wore baggy, dirty pin-striped suits, peaked black caps, and heavy workmen's shoes. They looked thin and hungry, and had the kind of deep tan not to be got on a tennis court or from sun bathing, but only from doing hard work in the open or plodding the streets looking for work. Young boys and adolescent girls mixed freely with the workmen. Groups of six, eight, or ten would knot together, each person carrying in a hand at his side a paving stone—the

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Berlin kind called *Klamotten,* and made of granite. An old man was leaning against a lamppost smoking a cigar butt in a short pipe, and I asked him who was doing all the shooting.

"Look for yourself." He gestured with his pipe towards the Tor.

An area of about twenty feet separated the Tor itself from the milling crowd on the British side. I crossed over to the center arch under which demonstrators were standing and shouting into the apparently empty air. After elbowing my way through the rear ranks towards the front, I was electrified at the sight of a Soviet tank no more than twenty feet away, and six truckloads of Soviet troops, disposed geometrically and strategically about the square that separates the Tor from Unter den Linden. Each truck mounted a light machine gun. As I looked over towards one side, where people were throwing stones at a Vopo hut, the nearest truck opened up on the Brandenburger Tor itself, firing just above our heads. I found myself —without remembering how I got there—on my belly, pressing one cheek against the damp cobblestones. A half-dozen men had shared the same automatic response. The rest had crowded back behind the arch, where we joined them, while the plaster dust settled whitely on the damp ground. I hadn't breathed so hard since the war. A great fat East German worker, the last man through the arch, jeered at us for running, and said that the Russians didn't have the guts to shoot us down.

THE German language was made for shouting, and the German throat was made for shouting it. Berlin slang is salty and blunt, well-adapted to the job in hand this June afternoon. My group had been scornful but wryly good-natured until then. Now, after the machine-gun firing, they got angry, and the leaders under all the arches began to roar at the Russians. *"Schluss!"*—enough, an end to it—became the day's shorthand for "Ami go home." At the same time, everybody seemed to be ordering everybody else to throw—*"schmeissen"*—paving stones. Men and boys would dart out from the protection of the arch columns, heave stones with all their might, and run for shelter under the next arch. The stones fell short of the Russian trucks, but some hit the tank. Once again the Russians opened fire, with machine guns from each flank methodically raking the Tor—and aiming lower this time.

One of the stone-throwers, traveling fast, skidded head first behind a column like a goal-keeper at a soccer game making a spectacular save. Blood was pumping visibly through his trouser leg, well up. Though he did not look more than sixteen, he roared and bellowed in pain and anger in a deep bass; yet at the same time he seemed half to enjoy himself. His friends had no sooner cut away his pants leg with a jackknife than a West Berlin ambulance drove up, whose attendants quickly put on a tourniquet, and loaded the boy aboard. As the ambulance drove slowly back through the crowded square the demonstrators became angrier than ever, and again the openings between the arches of the Tor filled with people who shook their fists and shouted at the Russians.

Two shaggy-headed boys ran towards a Russian truck dangling cheap wristwatches and shouting *"Uhri, Uhri"*—Russian-German pidgin for "watches" and a subtle insult to the memory of the Russian troops who had entered Berlin in 1945. The crowd laughed in delight, but the Russian soldiers squatting in their trucks remained frozen-faced. The boys came back to the Tor, defiant and deliberate, and the onlookers applauded.

Two other adolescents riding bicycles hard, their dank hair flouncing up and down, sped up to a Russian truck to harangue the Russian lieutenant near it. He stood with legs wide and hands on hips, obviously exasperated. The boys talked, gesticulated, and shook their heads from side to side, while the officer kept motioning to them to return to the Tor. After what seemed an age to us observers, a fat little captain came hurrying from the far side of the truck. He listened to the boys briefly, then took over. He produced a pistol, pulled its slide back, and

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waved the boys away. They refused to budge. Walking up to the nearest boy, he thrust the pistol into his side and shouted loudly enough to be heard under the Tor, "*Zurück!*" The crowd was silent, expecting to hear the muffled shot. But it did not come, and in their own good time the boys, brave or foolhardy, insolently pedaled the few yards to the Tor, to more cheers from the crowd. The Russians remained impassive at their posts, while farther down Unter den Linden a long line of trucks clattered into the square and unloaded at least two more companies of them. These quickly formed into lines extending all the way across the broad and now treeless avenue, and marched with rifles at ready past the Russian embassy, new and incongruously intact in its bombed-out surroundings. A few stragglers fled before them in the direction of the Lustgarten.

THINGS seemed to be quietening now, but from the direction of nearby Potsdamer Platz came small-arms and machine-gun fire above the roaring of the crowd. I made my way slowly down Ebertstrasse, which forms the sector boundary at this point, in the direction of the noise. On the "Western" side of the street was the gutted wilderness of the Tiergarten, thronged with people, some of whom stood behind saplings and even tall weeds for the specious feeling of safety. They were mainly onlookers from West Berlin, fairly well dressed, clean, and well fed. Here again were the young lovers, the elderly people walking their shepherds and schnauzers on leashes. But in the middle of the wide street, and on the East sector side, the crowd changed as it had near Brandenburger Tor. Here were the peaked black caps of workers, men in undershirts and sagging black pants held up by suspenders; large-eyed, thin boys, bold young girls in tattered, dirty dresses who, like the men, carried *Klamotten* cupped in one hand.

The sector boundary for the day was not the official one, the open street, but a high, uneven pile of rubble varying in height between ten and twenty feet, and supported by a sagging, bomb-torn brick wall. On top of the rubble heap, standing almost shoulder to shoulder and silhouetted against the bright mid-afternoon sky, stood the troops of the Volks army, some sweltering in rubber raincoats, belted and bandoleered, others wearing the high leather boots and the tightly tailored brown-green uniform of Russian design which the Russians themselves had supplied. The men and boys in the lee of the wall were out of sight of the Vopos, but could reach them with the *Klamotten,* and with the insults that flew in their general direction in a constant stream. It was like a scene straight out of an Expressionist play of the 20's—Georg Kaiser or Ernst Toller. The Vopos' raincoats were like costumes on this hot day, and even the dirt and the tatters of the insurgents seemed theatrical.

The shouts coming from the forty or fifty of them behind the wall sounded different from those heard at Brandenburger Tor. There the crowd's anger had been dry, and, in a sense, abstract; here it was welling and furious. The demonstrators were outraged that the Vopos, every one of whom was German, should be ready to act against their own kind. One brass-lunged worker who looked like a Chicago truck driver shouted over and over, "You swine! You'd fire on your own workers! Swine! Shooting at your own brothers!" At length the crowd became bored with throwing stones at an invisible target and cursing an enemy who would not answer. Encouraged by the truck driver, who had the help of a bold young girl in soiled pink, and a baby-faced adolescent boy, they swarmed up the wall of rubble to within a few yards of the Vopos, shouting and arguing.

I did not join them, but left the wall and went back out into the street to see what was going on. The noise of the mob up on the rubble pile increased in volume, while more and more people came from the direction of Brandenburger Tor and Potsdamer Platz. "This'll be bad," a man at my side said. "Stones against guns. *Ganz schlimm.*" We all sensed that blood was about to flow; once again the crowd behind us became silent, waiting for the worst, moving about

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uneasily in fear and anticipation, some not wanting to look but unable not to.

When the first stones flew the Vopos fired a volley over the heads opposite them on the rubble heap. Then my truck driver, whom I could identify by his yellow shirt, threw another stone. It glanced off the shoulder of the nearest Vopo. Two shots cracked out. The truck driver doubled over and sat down heavily, holding his belly, but still shouting. I had never heard wounded men shout before; in the war the wounded were always silent. Again the ambulance appeared in surprisingly short order; the truck driver's comrades carried him down under the protection of the wall, and by now he was silent. He was badly hurt. A woman screamed at the Vopos on the hill, "Don't you have any mothers? Shooting your own brothers down! Shooting at Germans!" She was near hysteria. As before, the crowd scattered into smaller groups, only to come together again later and return to the attack. Between the end of the wall and Potsdamer Platz, young Vopo officers could be seen going from man to man, apparently issuing orders and keeping up discipline. The order obviously was: fire if they seem to be getting out of hand, otherwise don't lose your heads.

As I walked down Ebertstrasse, beyond the scene of the recent shooting, I could see a straggling line of West Berliners who had been caught in the East sector by the subway strike, and were going from one part of the sector boundary to another, hoping to find lenient Vopos who would let them come back through. Occasionally one would be permitted to do so after showing his identification papers, but most were turned back. Many of these people were later jailed, beaten, and released only after days, if at all. On Ebertstrasse one East sector worker who told me he was *arbeitslos,* unemployed, shouted at the Vopos as he walked along: "Yes—you've got cigarettes to smoke. Enjoy them! Tonight we'll hang you all from the lampposts! By your dirty necks!" I cravenly separated myself from him, feeling that he was too clear a candidate for the nearest itching trigger-finger.

In Potsdamer Platz itself the atmosphere was even more tense than it had been near the Brandenburger Tor. Russian soldiers and Vopos were mixed; two T34 tanks were standing in the Platz itself. There, in the morning, some of the first blood had been shed, and just half an hour before, another worker had been shot. At one curb a small wooden cross, propped up by bricks from the nearest rubble pile, marked the place where a man had been wounded by Russian machine-gun fire that morning. The pattern was the same as in Ebertstrasse: small knots of men would sortie into the open Platz, shout at the troops, and be answered by a volley of automatic-carbine fire.

As evening came on, the air and the tension became even more oppressive. Someone's portable radio, tuned to the East Berlin station, announced the declaration of martial law: the crowd was warned to leave the East sector borders, they would be shot at directly if they remained; all East sector residents were ordered to stay home that night with doors locked between 9 P.M. and 5 A.M. The crowd answered with a roar, and no one even pretended to move from where he was. But I myself had had enough. I had been on my feet, or stomach, for hours, and I was feeling shaky and exhausted. I went back down Ebertstrasse in the direction of the Brandenburger Tor for one last look. On the way I sat down on a low brick wall for a smoke. Just then two of my students at the University came by and joined me.

One of them, who lived in the East sector, had bicycled across the boundary line in the morning just as the Russian tanks roared in and the Vopo lines were forming. He had had no food until he reached the University. He had seen women marching in the streets early in the morning, armed with brooms, clubs, and bread knives. The other student was one of the leaders of the University students' organization. He said that he was disappointed by the failure of the West Berlin workers to come to the sector boundaries in force to demonstrate their solidarity with the rebellious brothers in the Soviet Zone. I

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asked whether the students' organization had planned any such demonstration, but the thought took him by surprise. I pointed out that here was his chance to be the Robert Blum or Karl Schurz of 1953—we had recently been talking in a seminar about 1848, and the deeds of Blum in Frankfort, and Schurz in Bonn. "No sir, not me," he answered. "I'm not organizing any demonstrations." I said that maybe the trade union leaders felt the same way: it was an old German point of view.

As the three of us walked slowly back to Brandenburger Tor, we could hear sporadic firing from Potsdamer Platz and Ebertstrasse. At the Tor, the crowd had thinned noticeably. I said goodbye to the students, and headed back through the Tiergarten. I had plenty of time to think over the afternoon's events as I walked towards the center of the city. I wondered what was happening to the dozen or so East sector people I had talked to that afternoon; unlike myself, they certainly were not returning to a drink, a bath, and dinner.

JUNE 19

ON THIS Friday morning-after, the German black-red-gold flag was flying at half-mast everywhere in West Berlin, and I realized how wrong I had been in suggesting to my students on Wednesday that the usual political apathy would rule in the West sector. Outside my office the University flag, blue-white-blue, also hung at half-mast. An unemployed West Berlin house painter named Willi Göttling had been arrested the day before in East Berlin for his supposed activities as an agent-provocateur in the pay of the enemies of Eastern socialism; condemned by a Russian military court, he had been immediately shot. All Berlin and all West Germany were in official mourning for him and for the dozens of other dead—not to mention the hundreds of wounded. No exact figures were possible; more than two hundred wounded were being treated in West Berlin hospitals, the number of known dead was twelve, but no one knew how many had fallen in the Eastern sector and Zone. Nor did the exact figures really matter. It was already clear that Wednesday's demonstrations, which had since spread throughout the entire Russian zone of Germany—to Magdeburg, Chemnitz, Rostock—were no mere "riots," but the beginnings of a serious revolution. And the revolution already had its martyrs.

It was not the number killed that mattered, but their symbolic significance, and this would determine the future of the whole uprising. The figure of the executed house painter has horrified the public. The average German's reaction to his death brought to mind the legendary figure who could read impassively of thousands dead in an Asiatic famine, but was distressed by the sufferings of a cat down a well. Whatever else one may think of Toynbee's analyses and prognostications, his theory of revolution has been borne out by these past days' events: the people are hungry enough to be angry, but not hungry enough to be apathetic.

Brandenburger Tor and its neighborhood have seen riots and revolutions in abundance. In March 1848, the year of revolutions, the people of Berlin rioted against the Prussian soldiery of Friedrich-Wilhelm IV, and though some 230 were killed on the barricades, no Willi Göttling emerged as a symbolic victim—which is to say that the revolution was aborted by lack of defined aims. The insurgents wanted Prussian unity with a greater Germany, and a democratic constitution at the same time. They got neither. Seventy years later the nucleus of the German Communist party, the Spartacists, staged a well-organized rebellion between the 5th and 11th of January, 1919, but their movement, though provided with the theoretical aims that were absent in 1848, lacked the popular support of 1848. The Spartacists had symbolic victims in Karl Liebnecht and Rosa Luxemburg, both of them brutally murdered, but the movement could not broaden its base. The SPD government empowered Noske, its Minister of War, to suppress the insurgents ruthlessly, and more than 1,200 of them were executed in Berlin alone.

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The great difference between the outbreaks of 1848 and 1919, and that of last Wednesday, and the reason for Willi Göttling's effectiveness as a symbol, is that in previous years the insurgents were armed with both guns and doctrine. Last Wednesday the men who stood up to tanks were armed only with their anger, their vulnerability, and a few paving stones. They were suspended between Gandhi's passive resistance and Sorel's apocalypse of violence. The crowds I saw were not drunk, hysterical, or carried away by enthusiasm. Nor were they led. The demonstrations were indubitably spontaneous, therefore all the more dangerous.

For weeks the SED (the East German Communist party) had been "discussing" the enforcement of new wage norms in the mass-production industries that would virtually level out the differences in pay between skilled and unskilled workers. These new wage levels had been put into effect only recently against the growing anger of the workers. This was the immediate cause of the Berlin demonstrations. Witnesses who saw the marching Henningsdorf workers, the most organized group of all, say that their slogans were neither revolutionary nor doctrinaire. They demanded better conditions in phrases—and this is important—taken from the SED's own book. All of which refutes the statement of Grotewohl, the SED premier, that the demonstrations were provoked by Willi Göttlings in American pay. Grotewohl's slander was repeated by the *New Statesman and Nation,* which innocently said that no one ought be surprised by the "riots" since so many American dollars had been poured into East Germany for so many years.

The "riots" of Berlin and the Eastern zone were revolutionary because the people had become conscious of a common cause not through political education, but through the reality of their common grievances. Given their awareness of that reality, they will inevitably find arms, leaders, and doctrine—not from the Voice of America or the platitudes of the West German Christian-Democratic variety, but from the atmosphere which pervades their own lives. Neither Russian martial law, which now rules all East Germany, nor a reconstituted SED can do anything to gloss over this. The SED and the Russians claim to govern in the name of the masses, and now they would have to enforce this claim with tanks, or submit to free elections. Further repression, after the June days, will only prepare the way for full conflict and bloody chaos.

Nor the least important result of June 17 is its effect upon the citizens of West Berlin and West Germany. It is no exaggeration to say that the feeling of unity and solidarity with East Germany is stronger than at any time since the war, and possibly stronger than at any other time in modern German history. Even the most skeptical of West Germans responded to the news of the uprisings with pride; every German I talked to since has pointed out that June 17 was the first instance of a popular uprising against a totalitarian regime. The rebellious East Germans may not achieve immediate political gains, but they are washing away the universal German sense of guilt for past sins. Germans can now more easily face up to the question always implied or bluntly stated by the British, the French, and the Americans: "But why *didn't* you resist Hitler?"

One can no longer accept Herbert Luethy's statement in COMMENTARY of February 1952 that German unity always was and still remains a myth, useful to politicians but lacking basis in historical or in contemporary reality. The uprisings mean an end, I feel certain, to German political apathy and to German neutralism. While an ultimate answer to the events of June 17 may take shape only in weeks, months, or even years, no one in Berlin doubts that a revolution of enormous significance is in the making. *"Ulbricht, Pieck und Grotewohl, wir haben von euch die Schnauze voll,"* —Ulbricht, Pieck, and Grotewohl, you've given us a bellyfull—which was one of the East sector chants of Wednesday, is more

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than a derisive jingle. It provides the orchestration for events to come.

JULY 8

THERE can be no doubt that the immediate cause of the Berlin uprising was the new wage and hour norms decided upon by the SED. A skilled laborer (*Facharbeiter*) who ordinarily had made 168 East marks a week was now to get only 72 East marks; an apprentice's weekly wages of 52.80 East marks was cut to 43.44 East marks (6 East marks buy one West mark). At the same time, production quotas were raised substantially. Since commodity prices in the Soviet Zone are totally out of line with any such wage scale, the workers faced an unendurably low standard of living. On June 15, workers presented a polite petition in writing to the SED secretariat. Grotewohl and Ulbricht flatly refused it. The next day a large delegation of workers presented their petition once again, this time in person, to the party Ministry, but all they got was a harangue from a minor SED functionary. The events of June 17 followed from this in logical, if surprising, order.

In spite of martial law, the workers did not begin to return to their jobs until June 21 or 22; and then they went on a protracted sit-down, slow-down, every-other-man-sick sort of strike that still continues. And the situation remains touchy.

For one thing, the SED's talk about the riots' being promoted by "Western fascist agents" outrages the workers. As one of them said, "You in the West smiled when they said that Western agents led the uprising. But we laughed out loud. *We* made the uprising. Does that make *us* Western agents?" SED propaganda has been absurdly unprofessional. The *Tägliche Rundschau,* in commenting upon the sentencing to six years' imprisonment of Wolfgang Gottschling, a West Berlin student, as a provocateur, told of American, British, and French tanks in Potsdamer Platz on June 17, and stated that Gottschling was confident that they would occupy East Berlin for "Rockefeller, Ford, and Carnegie." All Berlin knows that Allied tanks and troops were conspicuous only by their absence on June 17.

More serious, however, have been the widespread arrests and executions throughout the Soviet zone. At least 300 workers were arrested at the Henningsdorf mills alone; in Magdeburg, where the uprising was perhaps even more serious than in Berlin, 500 were arrested; the Leuna works at Merseburg, which employed 23,000 people and was the largest industrial plant in the East Zone, was burned down, and 400 were arrested. No accurate count of the number executed by firing squads can be made, but it is undoubtedly high. Wilhelm Zaisser, the East German Security Minister, has admitted 25 dead and 378 wounded in the uprisings, but truth is not an SED habit. The East German workers are furious at the arrests, and in renewed demonstrations have demanded the release of all arrested workers. This has forced a renewed state of emergency upon the Volkspolizei.

Martial law did not prevent the East Berliners from protesting in groups against the scarcity of necessities of life in the days following June 17. Groups of more than three persons were specifically forbidden on the streets and many demonstrators were killed or wounded. Perhaps because of the demonstrations, perhaps because of the appearance of a black market in which a pound of flour sold for 30 East marks and a loaf of bread for 80, the government reserves were drawn upon to stock the shops with food and clothing in such amounts as the East Zone had not seen for years. This measure symbolizes the imminent bankruptcy of the SED government.

There are reports, which I believe to be true, that a great many SED members, rank and file as well as leaders, have left the party, for, as one said, the SED has "disgracefully betrayed the cause of the working class." Thirty thousand workers are reported to have left the FDGB, the East Zone central labor organization.

IN WEST BERLIN and Western Germany, the pattern of response to the uprising

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in the East is becoming clearer. Trade unions, church and student organizations, political parties, and the more anonymous public have all solidarized themselves in varying degrees with the East Zone workers. From June 19 on, the Berlin branch of the DGB (Deutsche Gewerkschafts Bund—the West German central labor organization) offered money and quarters to East Zone workers who were unable or unwilling to return to the East. By June 27, the DGB had paid out 110,000 German marks, and the sum now totals 250,000 DM. Similarly, the IG Metall (Interessen Gemeinschaft—the metal workers' organization, which is independent of the six million members of the DGB) paid out some 14,780 DM to 743 East Berliners in ten days. This very substantial support is not merely a gesture on the part of West Berlin; it means that the trade unions of all Western Germany are underwriting the revolution in the East. In Berlin itself, the Senate, or city government, is making funds available to the refugees of the uprising, and the local building-trades union is paying its normal strike allowances to building-trades workers from the East. Further evidence of Western German support appears in the gift of 1,000 DM by the Hamburg University student organization.

In contrast to the attendance, variously reported as between five and ten thousand, at the SED's rally for solidarity in East Berlin on June 27, the Roman Catholic diocesan meeting in West Berlin on June 29 attracted 20,000 East Berliners, who were allowed to cross the border for the day. In any other part of Germany outside the Catholic regions of Bavaria and the Rhineland, this figure would be impressive; that 20,000 Catholics remain in East Berlin is astonishing. Both the Roman Catholic bishop, and Dibelius, the Lutheran bishop, have declared their solidarity with the East Zone workers, and Dibelius has appealed to West German Protestants to send packages and money by way of concrete support.

YET the West Berliner's amusing, and in the past all too well-founded, contempt for the political consciousness of the West German will not down. One Berliner, who had struck me as being on the Babbitt side himself, told me that the West Germans would soon forget about the East because of their Babbitt mentality. West Germans, for their part, have frequently said or implied that the Berliners have dramatized their situations unduly and enjoyed their past martyrdoms. Neither of these reactions, I think, applies in the present. The DGB, for example, represents a wide religious and political spectrum, even though its six millions are predominantly SPD and Protestant. The uprisings in the East will more than likely consolidate the DGB into a solid political bloc. And while the lift of pride that the uprisings have given to the German spirit cannot be polled, counted, or scientifically assayed, I am convinced that it is permanent, and may well be decisive in the September elections.

Adenauer's reactions bear out the assumption. Many Berliners noted pointedly that he was slow to make any statement about the June 17 uprising, but that when he appeared at the mass funeral for the twelve West Berlin dead, he tended to overstate his sympathies. Skeptics see the renaming of the Charlottenburger Chaussée "Strasse des 17. Juni," and the declaration of the day as a national holiday, as attempts to leap on a political bandwagon. No commentator has failed to emphasize that the crucial point is German unification, and that the new encouragement given to the desire for German unity by the popular uprisings writes *finis* to Adenauer's policy of a separate West German state in alliance with the Western community—just when his political career seemed to have reached its zenith. On the one hand, Adenauer has shown himself to be opposed to a four-power conference on Germany, while on the other hand he has no more than rephrased the words with which the Social Democrats have been calling for the unification of Germany for years. Many Germans, accordingly, feel that Adenauer wants it both ways: he cannot avoid the subject of the uprisings, but he is fully

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aware that they are politically embarrassing, if not lethal, to himself.

I recently had dinner with a businessman who is an official in Adenauer's CDU. His attitude towards the uprisings can only be described as cynical. He was fully aware of the threat to his party which the Socialists now present; to cover up his lack of a solution to the problem of an armed and independent West Germany, he tended to play down, if not to discredit, the meaning and importance of the events in the East. Certain events in history transcend politics; yet, paradoxically, they force men to consider and respond to them in a more political manner then ever. The events of June 17 are of this order. The narrowly political effect of the revolution might well be to force Adenauer's coalition irrevocably into the minority. It depends on the September elections.

JULY 9

THIS morning's news marks the end of the first phase of the revolution in the East. The workers' demands for the release of their comrades have been heeded, and while martial law is still in force, the Russians will allow free traffic between the East and West sectors of Berlin. Because these announcements undoubtedly represent Semyonov's will and not the SED's, they raise the all-important question of the relationship between the SED government and the Soviet. The numerous defections among the Volkspolizei (467 deserted to the West in June), apparently accurate reports of the execution of eighteen Red Army troops in Magdeburg for failure to fire upon the crowd on June 17, further reports of the demobilization of 75,000 People's Army men (*kasernierten Volkspolizei*)—all underline the Russians' realization that they cannot keep martial law forever, and suggest that they are willing to discuss some kind of permanent settlement for East Germany. The SED puppet government has had to eat too many of its own words for it to retain even the vestiges of power. Gortewohl's release of the arrested workers indicates the degree of success of the first phase of the rebellion.

IF WE know nothing else now, we know that the East Germans will not furnish a Communist fifth column if Germany is reunited. Only Adenauer and his supporters still dare to speak with conviction of a fifth column which the addition of several million (mainly Socialist) votes would create. German political energy has been both created and released by the events of the past three weeks. In the past, since Bismarck virtually, that energy has been frightening to the West; it has careered about either without direction or with too much direction. For the first time, German political energy may be directed toward healthy ends; much depends on ourselves.

The revolution is not finished in the East. The spirit of the rebels is unbroken; both the Russians and their puppets have had to retreat in the first phase. I cannot forget the words of one East Berlin worker who said to me, "As soon as they lift martial law, we'll take up where we left off." When the rebels take up where they left off they will have leaders and doctrine, and possibly weapons.

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OUR JEWISH COMMUNITY PATTERN AND ITS CRITICS

Why Single, Central Authority Is Not For Us

MILTON HIMMELFARB

"THEY order this matter better in France." Two centuries ago Laurence Sterne began the record of his *Sentimental Journey* across the Channel with these words, and provided the text for all later critics of manners and morals in their own countries. Critics of the way in which American Jews conduct their communal affairs are not different. The way American Jews do things is wrong, they say, and we should learn from other Jewish communities how to do them.

From the point of view of communal organization, American ews differ in a major respect from those of all other countries that have significant Jewish communities. Jews in other countries have central communal bodies possessing generally the kind of authority that comes with legal standing, long tradition, or general assent. American Jews, on the other hand, have no recognized central organ of self-rule with authority to speak for all Jews as Jews.

What is the reason for this difference?

THERE was a time—the Middle Ages—when there were no basic differences in the organization of Jewish communities in different countries. The Jews, with their special position and status everywhere, were in, but not of, the general community. The Jewish communities, by the common desire of the Jews themselves and of their Christian rulers, had wide powers of self-government, which could vary in detail from city to city and country to country. (A Jewish court could impose capital punishment, for instance, only in Spain.) Similar conditions obtained in the Moslem countries.

In communal organization, as in so many other departments of Jewish life in Europe, the Middle Ages ended with the French Revolution. Either the Jews themselves or the state, or both, no longer wanted Jewish self-government. Its place was taken by various central Jewish communal authorities with powers and jurisdiction much narrower than those of their medieval predecessors.

In Eastern Europe, where emancipation came late or not at all, Jewish communal authority was least removed in spirit from the self-government of the Middle Ages. It is a return to essentially this type of community that autonomists, Reconstructionists, and others of a like mind have been urging on us for years. Of late, an emotional factor has been added to complicate the discussion. The Jews of Eastern Europe died martyrs' deaths at the hands of the Nazis, and for martyrs we all acknowledge the particular force of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. These are days of mourning for their memory and affectionate nostalgia for their destroyed way

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MOST intellectualizing about the American Jewish community continues to be cast in terms of severe self-criticism, blueprints for wholesale reconstruction, and invidious comparisons with other times and other lands, as seems to be the ingrained habit with Jews—and Americans generally—when they examine the modes and structure of their informal social organization. Here MILTON HIMMELFARB, after an abbreviated tour of inspection of Jewish communties, past and present, in other countries where presumably they do things better, comes up with the startling surmise that the communal pattern established here may actually be that best suited for American Jewish needs—and offers some reasoning for his belief. Mr. Himmelfarb is on the staff of the American Jewish Committee, and edits the series of pamphlets "This Is Our Home." He has been a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY, writing on Jewish scholarship, history, and religion, as well as on communal affairs.

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of life. If, as a writer like Dr. Jacob Shatzky has complained, it is difficult to get even scholars and intellectuals to accept objective historical and social studies of pre-Hitler East European Jewry, it is hardly to be expected that politicians will not try to exploit this mood. One communal politician has gone so far as to suggest that a man who denied the appropriateness of the *kehillah*—the centralized, organized, and authoritative community—for American Jews was expressing contempt for East European Jewry.

Actually, the sharpest criticism of the communal organization of East European Jewry came from within. *Maskilim,* socialists, Zionists, and other progressives and modernizers condemned the old *kehillah* as an archaic obstacle in the way of progress, a bulwark of the unsatisfactory status quo, a creature of the wealthy, and the acquiescent instrument of governmental oppression.

THE respectful nostalgia of many American Jews for the Judaism of Eastern Europe arises mostly from the guilt that sensitive people normally feel about their prosperity, especially when they suspect it is more a windfall than the proper reward of virtue. East European Jewry practiced plain living and high thinking; American Jewry often accuses itself of addiction to high living and no thinking. From guilt and a sense of our spiritual inferiority to the "real" Jews, the Jews of Eastern Europe, it is an easy step, if not a logical one, to a belief in the moral superiority of East European Jewry's institutional arrangements.

Still, however reluctantly, most critics of American Jewish communal organization cannot help recognizing how different the conditions of Jewish life have become since emancipation—which means that the precedent of the East European *kehillah* cannot be very useful. At this point the critics fall back on a second line. What can be useful, they say, is the example of Jewish communities in countries with a firm tradition of emancipation.

In Great Britain, a Western country certainly possessed of both the reality and the tradition of emancipation, there is a central Jewish agency, the Board of Deputies of British Jews. The Board of Deputies is two hundred years old. Its central and representative character is taken for granted, and indirectly confirmed by law. It is one of the privileged bodies in Britain legally entitled to present an official address to the monarch on solemn occasions, and it is authorized to designate synagogues in which marriage according to the rites of the Jewish religion shall be binding in the eyes of the law.

In France the Consistoire Central is the central authority in matters relating to the administration of synagogues, seminaries, rabbinical placement, and the like. In Imperial Germany and Austria-Hungary, and in their successor republics until Hitler, Jewish communal bodies received the proceeds of a special government surtax on all income taxes paid by Jews. The only way for a Jew to avoid payment of this was to submit to the government an official declaration either of his conversion to Christianity or of his desire to be considered as without a religion (*konfessionslos.*) In Sweden the same system was in force until the end of 1951. In Italy the government still imposes a special tax on Jews for the benefit of the Union of Jewish Communities.

In Canada, Argentina, and South Africa there are central Jewish communal organizations generally recognized as representative of the Jews of their countries, although without special standing in the law.

THE advocate of central communal authority for American Jews would argue from these facts more or less as follows: forget the details—taxation in one country, legal recognition in a second, general acceptance in a third. The important thing is that a central communal authority is not confined to pre-emancipated, pre-democratic countries. Here are many Western countries in which Jews with a long history of emancipation manage their affairs rationally and democratically—and, so to speak, patriotically—by means of a central authority for the entire community. So should American Jews.

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This seems a plausible argument. Can anyone deny that Great Britain is enlightened and democratic? It has civil liberties, universal suffrage, popular government, a liberal tradition. British Jews are no less emancipated than we are. Why should we not learn from them and establish a Board of Deputies of American Jews?

The flaw in this reasoning is that British democracy is not American democracy, and British tradition not American tradition. Take as an example an issue of some importance for American society today, the relation of organized religion to the public schools. In COMMENTARY for March of this year, Emanuel Litvinoff, as though mentioning incidentally an established order of things that everyone takes for granted, writes about the experience of his children with religious education in their London public school (to use American terminology). For the United States, the Supreme Court has rejected a relation between religion and public education much more tenuous than what apparently prevails and is accepted without protest in Great Britain. Most Americans, and certainly most American Jews, would regard the introduction of the British practice of religion in public education, and of state support of sectarian schools, as a very serious blow to our democracy. This does not prove that Great Britain is undemocratic, but it does prove that British models may not be very useful for us.

This example of difference with respect to religion in public education is illuminating in an unexpected way. It is obviously only a particular facet of a problem that has dominated religion, politics, and social thought for centuries in the Western world —the proper relation between church and state. Is it entirely accidental that America, where Jews do not have a central communal authority, has a significantly different tradition of church and state from Europe—even democratic and emancipated Western Europe—where Jews do have central communal authority?

Great Britain is a country where religious freedom is as secure as anywhere in the world. In this coronation year, however, many of us are especially aware that the British monarch is still the Defender of the Faith, is still head of the Church of England, and still takes an oath to maintain the Protestant succession to the throne. Bishops of the Church of England still sit in the House of Lords, *ex officio*. It is still a moot question whether the Lord Chancellor, as "keeper of the King's conscience," does not have to be a Christian, or for that matter a Protestant.

IN THESE matters what we may call Heine's Law operates. Heinrich Heine is the reputed author of the witticism *Wie es sich christelt, so jüdelt es sich*—weakly translated: like Christian, like Jew. He was sarcastic, but he was also right. Without Heine's Law, how could we explain the basically episcopal organization of Judaism in Great Britain? In classical Jewish tradition a rabbi's authority is personal, in proportion to his reputation for learning and piety. Maimonides and Elijah Gaon of Vilna were not appointed to their authority; it grew out of a general recognition of their moral and intellectual eminence. But official British Judaism, which is Orthodox, is headed by a Chief Rabbi of the British Empire, who alone among rabbis is styled the Very Reverend and whose position and authority correspond (*mutatis mutandis* and *lehavdil*) to those of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Or take a trivial detail. The British rabbi wears a clerical collar. When he serves as a chaplain in the army he is called Padre by Jewish soldiers. That is because the clergy of the dominant Christian sect in England wear the collar and when they serve as chaplains are called Padre. If on particularly grand occasions the Chief Rabbi wears gaiters, that is because Anglican bishops wear them.

Among Christian churches in England, the Church of England has the position of *primus inter pares;* in Orwell's language, all churches are equal but one is more equal than the others. This is also the state of affairs within British Judaism. The kind of Orthodoxy represented by the Chief Rabbi and his United Synagogue is "more equal"

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than other varieties of Judaism. So a new Liberal synagogue recently learned when it tried to get certification from the Board of Deputies as a congregation of persons professing the Jewish religion, which it needed if the marriages its clergy solemnized were to be legally valid. (The case of the Liberal congregation will be discussed more fully later.)

The Church of England, on the whole conservative in theology and ritual, is the denomination preferred by the upper class. As a general rule, the Jewish upper class in England belongs to the United Synagogue —which is also traditional in theology and ritual. The preference of American Jews similarly situated is usually for a less traditional synagogue. It does not seem very likely that this difference between British and American Jews of the same class is a true theological difference. Rather, it would seem to arise from different expectations. In England a solid citizen was more or less expected to identify himself with the conservative established church—which for Jews was the United Synagogue.

All that this means is that English Jewry is very English. The Board of Deputies is another expression of that Englishness: it is English to have quasi-corporate religious communities with some internal authority, and with official or quasi-official relations with the state. There is also the specifically British love of tradition and historic institutions. The Board of Deputies, after all, is two hundred years old and goes back to the days before Jewish emancipation in Great Britain. It is hard to say whether there would be a Board of Deputies today if more than half of Jewish history in England since the readmission of Jews under Cromwell were not a history of waiting for emancipation.

Most British Jews seem to be satisfied with the idea of a Board of Deputies, if not actually with the Board as it exists. That is no warrant for asserting that American Jews should establish their own Board of Deputies. Should Americans abandon the written Constitution because most Britons are satisfied with an unwritten one?

If Englishness is the key to an understanding of the institutional arrangements of English Jewry, so Frenchness is the key to an understanding of French Jewry, Germanness to that of German Jewry (before it was destroyed), etc. Heine's Law operates universally.

For Great Britain it is fair to say that the communal structure and habits of British Jews have evolved primarily by an absorption, both conscious and unconscious, of the dominant values of the larger society. In France, as everywhere else in the Western world, there was a similar evolution. But in France there was also another element of great importance, the dictation of the state. It was Napoleon who decreed the establishment of the consistorial form of Jewish communal organization, ranging from local consistories to the Consistoire Central. Essentially, his motive for regulating the character of Jewish communal organization was the same as for concluding the Concordat with Rome. Like many other rulers before and after him, he wanted to make religion, all religions, a buttress of the state. (Gibbon says of the Roman magistrates that they considered all religions equally useful.) Napoleon sought an effective apparatus for controlling the feelings of French Jews, for guiding them in the paths of patriotism, and for making sure they stayed there. From Christian ecclesiastical government he applied to the Jewish community not only the consistorial structure but also the notion of hierarchy and episcopal discipline. The division of the French rabbinate into ordinary *rabbins*, municipal and departmental *grands rabbins*, and the *grand rabbin* of the whole country is derived from the hierarchical division of the Catholic clergy. (The similarity in costume that prevails in Great Britain between rabbis and Anglican clergymen is matched in France by the similarity in costume between rabbis and Catholic priests.)

Until church and state were separated in the early years of this century the French state subsidized the consistories and the rabbinate as it did the recognized Christian churches and ministries. Alsace-Lorraine

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was a part of Germany during the time of the Dreyfus case in France and the resulting separation of church and state. After 1918, the French government agreed to continue in the restored provinces the relation between church and state that had existed before Bismarck annexed them to Germany. In Alsace-Lorraine, accordingly, rabbis, like Catholic priests and Lutheran ministers, are still paid by the French government.

Whether by uncoerced conformity or by command of the state, the spirit and organization of Jewish communal affairs in Western Europe reflect the wider society.

IN THE newer countries—Argentina, Canada and South Africa—substantial Jewish settlement does not go back much beyond sixty or seventy years. Immigrants to those countries found few Jewish institutions when they arrived and had to create almost everything from scratch, on the model of what they had known at home. In Argentina, indeed, there was much to remind them of the old country: a dominant church and a peasant population. The combination of the newness of Jewish settlement and the resemblance of the new society to the old accounts for Argentine Jewry's establishment of communal institutions resembling those of Eastern Europe.

In Canada and South Africa Jews found societies with sharp cleavages along religious and ethnic lines. In Canada there were English-speaking Protestants of British descent and French-speaking Catholics loyal to the traditions of Bourbon France, and neither group had much to do with the other. In South Africa there was first the division between the large native and "colored" majority, and the ruling white minority; and within the white minority coolness or actual hostility between Afrikaans-speaking people of Dutch descent, mostly belonging to a fundamentalist Calvinist sect and deeply suspicious of the modern world, and English-speaking people of British descent, loyal to Britain and mostly Anglican in religion.

Separateness according to descent and religion is so taken for granted in Canada and South Africa that their official censuses include quite elaborate data about ethnic and religious identification. The United States census does not. (Some American sociologists and demographers might like the government to gather such data in its censuses, but the Census Bureau knows that any attempt to do so would arouse an all but universal protest against official prying into matters relating to religion and the individual conscience.) In the Province of Quebec, to this day, there are only sectarian schools, mostly Catholic; Jewish children have a choice between Protestant schools and Jewish all-day schools. In the circumstances of Canadian and South African life it would have been strange if Jews had not thought of themselves as a kind of corporate religious and ethnic enclave in a society of corporate groups, and if they had not organized themselves accordingly.

AMERICA has no tradition of an established church or a link between church and state, with each using the other for its own ends. Its people belong to many sects. Jews have been associated with its history from almost the very beginning under conditions of substantial or full emancipation. Uniquely among "new" countries, the United States has had Jewish institutions from early Colonial days, and each of the many successive waves of immigration found a going Jewish communal concern on these shores; there was no need for creation of the community's institutions *ex nihilo,* on the exclusive model of the communal structure in the old country.

The preeminence of voluntary association in our civic life has been a truism since Tocqueville wrote his *Democracy in America* more than a century ago. It is still true that the dominant force in the life of American society is the voluntary action of citizens cooperating in the pursuit of particular common ends. Thus our most famous and highly regarded universities—Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Chicago—are private institutions. On the continent of Europe the universities are state institutions. In Great Britain, characteristically, the relation between the great uni-

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versities and the state is more ambiguous, but until only a few years ago the graduate of Oxford or Cambridge was represented in Parliament by an M.P. for his university, in addition to being represented by the M.P. for his district.

The uniqueness of Jewish communal organization in America corresponds to the uniqueness of American society and tradition; Heine's Law operates on both sides of the Atlantic. Where the dominant spirit of society is the primacy of the state, or the link between church and state, or a division of the population into rigidly defined religious and ethnic groups, there will be a more or less corporate Jewish community with central authority. Where, as in the United States, the dominant spirit of society is voluntarism, separation of church and state, and multiplicity of sects and ethnic origins, Jewish communal organization will be plural and voluntarist.

In this country we take it for granted that despite differences in doctrine and practice, on the whole there shall be cooperation and mutual respect among the three major groupings of American Judaism. An occasional Orthodox rabbi may refuse to acknowledge his Conservative or Reform colleague's rabbinical title, if need be conferring an honorary doctorate on him when speaking to or about him; but there is no serious attempt by any grouping to question the right of the others to be considered expressions of Jewish religion. The three taken together compose the Synagogue Council of America. Each provides a roughly equal number of chaplains for the armed services. A conference of one rabbinical body is quite likely to invite spokesmen for the two other bodies to address it. Each has its equal turn in representing Judaism on a television program like "The Week in Religion."

Not so in Great Britain, where official Judaism is still not sure that Reform is Jewish. In the past few years the trouble encountered by a Liberal synagogue in obtaining from the Board of Deputies certification as a congregation of persons professing the Jewish religion has been a *cause célèbre*. The reluctance of the Board to grant the certification was not without precedent. In the latter part of the 19th century another Liberal synagogue had to have special legislation passed by Parliament authorizing its clergy to solemnize legally binding marriages, because the Board would not certify it. During the recent controversy the Liberal synagogue finally had to threaten to do the same and petition Parliament directly. In the letter columns of the London *Jewish Chronicle* outraged communications insisted that of course Reform Jews weren't really Jews, and besides, didn't the majority rule in a democracy, and wasn't the majority Orthodox, or at least opposed to Reform?

If we are not beset by such problems, it is not because we are made of better democratic stuff than British Jews. They have central communal authority, and such authority offers a standing temptation to suppress or at least handicap minorities. The abuse that inevitably goes with authority was shown again by a recent and even more scandalous incident in South Africa. A Reform rabbi had to go to court to compel the *kehillah* in his city to bury his wife in the Jewish cemetery. The majority in the *kehillah* had held that a Reform Jew was not a Jew and was therefore ineligible for burial in a Jewish cemetery.

FREEDOM from intolerance and actual persecution is only one of the advantages of a voluntarist communal system. The Hebrew Union College was the first great achievement of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, created eighty years ago to represent not only Reform Judaism, as now, but American Judaism as a whole. Twelve years after the College was founded, Jews dissatisfied with it established the Jewish Theological Seminary. Supporters of the College resented and opposed the Seminary. If they had really had authority, they would have prevented its establishment. Ten years later, the relative indifference of both the College and the Seminary to the merger of Orthodox institutions into what has since become Yeshiva University is explained by

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the prevailing conviction at the time that Yeshiva's Orthodoxy was a first-generation phenomenon without a future. If it had been taken seriously, Yeshiva would have been opposed; and if there had been central authority, the opposition might have been effective. The existence of the three institutions of higher Jewish education and rabbinical training has contributed much to Jewish religion in the United States. Central authority, however, would have felt that the three made a clear case of duplication. It would have preferred one.

Is a central communal authority necessary for maintaining or strengthening Jewish loyalties? Many so strongly believe it is that although they say their ultimate concern is with the things of the spirit, their actual behavior and exhortation deal almost exclusively with communal organization. It is true that there is a certain untidiness about a system without a sharply defined locus of authority; but it does not follow that if we had such a locus we would be better off. Sharp definition and tidiness, so tempting to the human love of order, act to exclude as well as include. (That is one meaning of the ancient challenge, "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?") There are many American Jews who, if they had lived in pre-Hitler Germany, would at the least have listed themselves as *konfessionslos,* and whose children would have certainly been lost to Judaism. Here we can never tell. Because the Jew is not forced to burn his bridges when he turns away from the community, his return is not so arduous.

A few years ago I had a conversation in New York with a man prominent in the affairs of the Buenos Aires *kehillah.* One of the things that had most impressed him about American Jewry was the sustained communal activity of Jews who in Argentina would have long since cut their last link with the Jewish community. Another thing was the not uncommon case of a son returning after his father had all but left. What the observer from Argentina had once been inclined to call our formlessness and anarchy he now thought to be pliability and diversity. These qualities, he felt, enabled American Jewry to retain loyalties which, if they were in some cases minimal, had at least not been transformed into downright abandonment. And these minimal loyalties could always change, perhaps from one generation to the next, into something more than minimal. In Argentina, he said, it seemed to be all or nothing with Jews, and he feared that the emphasis on organization and communal authority was in part responsible for a growing tendency to choose nothing.

DR. SAMUEL MARGOSHES, writing in the Yiddish *Day,* has recently said of the American Jewish community that it has done pretty well "without *kehilloth* recognized by the government, without state subsidies for Jewish schools, without governmental meddling in our affairs, but by our own efforts and a free interplay with the American majority and the American environment." American intellectuals formerly hostile or at best indifferent to American life have been engaged for some time in rethinking their position. Can Dr. Margoshes' unexpectedly kind words be a sign that critics of the American form of Jewish communal organization are reconsidering too? Heine's Law suggests that they may be.

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THE ANTI-COMMUNISM OF SENATOR McCARTHY

It Slays More Friends Than Foes

JAMES RORTY

STALIN had died, and the scramble for the succession was on. From the Soviet's East European satellites came premonitory rumbles. Soon they were to swell into the roar of the "June Days" in East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary. Every day brought new propaganda opportunities to the free world, and as usual, intensified Soviet jamming operations signaled Moscow's distress and vulnerability.

It was the long awaited turning point of the cold war. Our political warfare specialists should have been at their desks marshaling their data, pounding their typewriters, and beaming explosive broadcasts at a score of pin-pointed targets around the world.

Instead, a group of harassed and despondent executives and writers boarded a plane for Washington, where the Senate's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations was conducting one of the half-dozen official and unofficial investigations of the Voice of America to which that organization has been subjected during the past three years.

McCarthy had spoken, and the leading nation of the free world had lost its voice.

The Voice of America hearings ran to fifteen innings, to 775 pages of the record, and to many—much too many—hours of television time. When they were over, the box score, as computed by informed and reliably anti-Communist observers, stood:

Communists exposed or destroyed: *none.*

Probable: *none.*

Anti-Communists lost to the Voice by discharge and forced or voluntary resignations: approximately *thirty,* including at least a dozen of the ablest professional propagandists in the service of the government.

This does not count some four hundred innocent bystanders hit by a general 25 per cent reduction of staff. The McCarthy attack left the Voice a sitting duck for the budget-cutters at precisely the moment when a free world diplomatic offensive and an expanded program of political warfare might conceivably have helped turn the Kremlin's internal confusion into paralysis, its diplomatic and political retreat into rout.

The disruption of the Voice could scarcely have been more complete if it had been a planned act of sabotage. In the off-the-record words of one of McCarthy's own subcommittee members: "We went through the Voice like a cyclone and left it a shambles."

To what end? What kind of an anti-Communist is this back-country lawyer, this ex-Marine whose swinging political burp-gun slays friend and foe alike? By a considerable number among the American people Senator McCarthy is regarded as "Mr. Anti-Communist"—the authoritative arbiter of who is or is not a loyal American, in or out of govern-

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FEW members of Congress have within living memory engrossed so large a portion of the daily press as has Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin over the past two and a half years. The extreme right on the one hand, and the left on the other, are in accord in seeing him as the very model of an anti-Communist. Others, however, are much more reluctant to credit him with any such role. In our March issue, Nathan Glazer examined "The Method of Senator McCarthy." Here JAMES RORTY looks at McCarthy's full record on Communism and tries to evaluate his contribution in the light of the facts. Mr. Rorty, a long-time defender of civil liberties and libertarian causes, has made many significant journalistic contributions to the exposure of demagoguery and totalitarianism both of the left and the right. Notable examples in COMMENTARY were his "American Fuehrer in Dress Rehearsal" (October 1945) and (with Winifred Raushenbush) "The Lessons of the Peekskill Riots" (October 1950).

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ment service. Does he deserve that title? What are his technical, moral, and political qualifications for such an elevation?

As the reader will note, this writer believes that Tail-gunner Joe must be credited with some achievement in this field. It is apparent—to this writer at least—that much of the current demagogy of "McCarthyism" —especially that emanating from Communist and crypto-Communist sources—is often no less phony than the product of the Senator's own propaganda mill. Unfortunately, however, the record also shows that, considered simply as an exposer of the Communist conspiracy domestically, the Junior Senator from Wisconsin has proved himself to be incompetent and irresponsible. It shows further that, judged by his over-all political record, the Senator's contribution to the struggle against international Communist aggression is so lacking in solid conviction and objectives as to cast doubt on his right to be considered a serious anti-Communist.

As an anti-Communist, Senator McCarthy was made, not born. Huey Long was nursed on the endemic populism and socialism of a backwoods Louisiana parish that had actually seceded from the Confederacy during the Civil War. In comparison, Joe McCarthy grew up virtually in an ideological vacuum. His politics, first as a Democrat and then as a Republican, were strictly local and for votes. Since Communists also voted, he was careful *not* to dissociate himself from the Milwaukee party-liners. In the crucial 1946 Republican primary they provided, in all probability, just enough votes to enable Joe to take the nomination away from the late Bob La Follette, about whom the party had no doubts whatever; Bob had fought Communism effectively, at home and abroad, in print and on the platform.

Less than three years later, as a freshman Senator, Joe again displayed his political eclecticism and practicality by muscling into the investigation, by a subcommittee of which he was not even a member, of the trials of the Nazi SS troopers who had been convicted of the Malmédy massacres. This sortie, in which Senator McCarthy was apparently repaying obligations to some of his German American constituents, was described at length by Nathan Glazer in the March issue of this magazine. In his role as defender of the SS prisoners and accuser of their American guards, Joe gave Secretary of the Army Royall and other witnesses a foretaste of the slippery cross-examination techniques for which he later became notorious.

The point of all this is that during the Senator's early career he was merely a political go-getter, and anti-Communism was not his special gimmick. It was neither a conviction nor a platform plank for McCarthy either in Wisconsin or in Washington. To build on a simile borrowed from Rebecca West, Senator McCarthy was just a political power-house looking for a good publicity connection.

This, Joe hitched on to in his famous 1950 Lincoln Day speech at Wheeling, West Virginia, accusing the State Department of harboring a specific number (to be changed a few times) of Communists. This speech was prepared for the Senator by the Republican National Committee—though delivered with the usual McCarthy embellishments—and it's hard to find out at this date whether it was intended as the opening gun in a major campaign. But whatever the facts may be as to his intentions at the time, the matter was settled for him when the administration and its supporters opened a ferocious attack on him, adding their own publicity to his own undoubted publicity-getting talents. Since then McCarthy has not let up in his attack on the State Department, barely pausing to note a new administration took over in January 1953.

It was natural for the Truman administration to turn its defensive fire on the most intemperate and vulnerable of the critics who were attacking the State Department, its personnel, and its policies. By broiling this anti-Red herring alive, they hoped to erase the public memory of the Hiss and Coplon cases; to forestall any disinterment of the hastily buried Amerasia case, with its links to the Institute of Pacific Relations and

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the State Department China policy; to prevent any uncomfortable probing for the residual security and loyalty risks who still remained in the State Department despite the efforts of the Civil Service Loyalty Review Board to dig them out. In effect, the Truman administration hoped to discredit *all* its anti-Communist critics by making them exponents of the "McCarthyism" it was about to demolish.

It didn't work out that way. The Tydings Committee, which investigated McCarthy's charges, refused to subpoena essential witnesses, hard-boiled the Republican minority counsel, Robert Morris, and openly collaborated with Lattimore and his counsel. By its flagrant partisanship, it achieved the sheer disaster of adding seeming confirmation to McCarthy's wild charges of the administration's intimate linkage with the Communist conspiracy and of converting Tail-gunner Joe, in the eyes of a substantial section of the American people, into a persecuted patriot and martyr.

In his book *McCarthyism: the Fight for America,* the Senator savors this bizarre transformation. He has little difficulty in disproving the frequent assertions of his critics that "McCarthy has failed to expose a single Communist." The fact is that a number, even if a relatively small number, of the shots called by McCarthy in his changing lists (205, 81, 57) of alleged loyalty, security, and "morals" risks were later proved to have been on the target. Thus, Theodore Geiger, Peveril Meigs, Edward Posniak, and others all either resigned, or were removed from their posts, primarily because of McCarthy's attacks. The McCarthy publicity, especially his publication of the June 1947 memorandum of the Senate Appropriations Committee and the minutes of the Civil Service Loyalty Review Board, added greatly to the pressures under which a reluctant Truman administration was forced to put teeth into the loyalty program. Again and again the Truman administration acted only after McCarthy had roared. Finally, the highly informative hearings on Lattimore and the Institute of Pacific Relations by a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee would most likely never have taken place if McCarthy had not made the question of Lattimore's relation to Communism a national issue.

From this investigation came the massive accumulation of evidence that moved the McCarran Committee to conclude that Owen Lattimore "was from some time in the 1930's a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy," and that the Institute of Pacific Relations was "a vehicle used by the Communists to orientate American Far Eastern objectives toward Communist objectives." Witnesses before the McCarran Committee charged that nineteen IPR members, associates, and employees cooperated with Soviet Intelligence here and abroad. Fourteen persons with IPR connections took refuge in the Fifth Amendment when asked to affirm or deny their affiliation with the Communist party and its underground apparatus, including many of those who staffed its central office.

Obviously, this was the achievement, not of Senator McCarthy, but of a committee to which he did not belong, and whose members, and even more its able and experienced staff, refrained from using the McCarthy tactics of headline hunting and inquisitorial mayhem.

Yet it is probable that for a high percentage of the television fans, all the way from Appleton, Wisconsin, to South Boston, the revelation of Owen Lattimore's role in helping mold pro-Soviet opinion and official policy was a notch in McCarthy's gun. What is more, they were right to the extent that the Senator's publicity barrage has helped to compel, sustain, and implement the delayed and sabotaged clean-up of Communist infiltration into sensitive areas of government.

This is far, however, from validating Senator McCarthy's title to be considered either a competent or a genuinely dedicated anti-Communist. He knew almost nothing about Communism when he made his first speech on the subject three years ago, and his sub-

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sequent opportunities for learning have been less good than generally supposed. Not until this year, when he became chairman of the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of the Senate Committee on government operations, did Joe function in any important official way in the investigation of Communism.

FROM the first day of the Voice of America hearings it was apparent that Senator McCarthy's assumption of almost unprecedented inquisitorial powers had endowed him with no proportionately sobering sense of moral or political responsibility; nor had the aim of his trigger-happy burp-gun improved.

The inquiry was initiated and conducted outside any strategic context of offense or defense in the cold war. It was conducted without reference to the propaganda policy commitments of the Republican party, of which McCarthy insists he is a loyal member. Finally, the inquiry was bungled preposterously both by the Senator himself and by his brash and inexperienced staff. No attempt was made to build on the findings of previous investigations. Prospective witnesses were told that the Senator was "not interested in accenting the positive." The conclusions of the investigation were openly prejudged; again and again the Senator spoke of "the mess in the Voice" and hinted darkly of sabotage and conspiracy, although nothing of the sort was ever revealed.

For days on end the television audience saw and heard a procession of disaffected underlings, christened "the loyal American underground" by Howard Rushmore, an ex-Communist borrowed from the *Journal-American* staff to serve as research assistant during the inquiry. The personal grievances, suspicions, and unchecked gossip of these witnesses were given priority over the testimony of responsible executives who got a chance to set the record straight only after the Voice had been damned irremediably in the minds of millions of television viewers.

For what it was worth in arousing the suspicions of the religious, a witness was permitted to direct a wholly unwarranted hearsay charge of "atheism" at the director of the Voice's religious activities. Equally phony sex interest was introduced by a witness who was later found to be in need of treatment for a nervous breakdown. Overworked executives were bullied relentlessly; in one case for having written—twenty years ago—a callow book about college football; in another, for having scribbled on the margins of scripts intelligent criticisms which the Senator quoted out of context.

Fifteen minutes of television time was consumed by the Senator in a stubborn, pseudo-moronic effort to make Edward Kretzman, the able and intelligently anti-Communist policy director of the Voice, say that an able and intelligently anti-Communist assistant merited dismissal. His offense? He had referred to the standard theoretical cant of Marxism as a "fig leaf of respectability" used to conceal the naked viciousness of totalitarian terror and fraud.

Repeatedly, Senator McCarthy sniped at Bertram D. Wolfe, director of the Ideological Advisory Staff of the Voice. Mr. Wolfe, once a member of the politburo of the American Communist party, broke with Communism in 1929, along with the "right-wing" opposition led by Jay Lovestone. For many years, as a journalist and historian, he has fought Communism consistently in print and on the lecture platform, before, during, and after the Grand Alliance. Any list of the ten most effective anti-Communists in America would have to include him. During three years with the Voice he has pressed consistently for more aggressive propaganda policies and some of the campaigns which he initiated and directed (slave labor, the Katyn massacre) scored notable propaganda victories for our side. Yet all this, plus his clearance after an extended hearing by the Civil Service Loyalty Review Board, did not prevent McCarthy from raising doubts as to the genuineness of Mr. Wolfe's conversion.

Only once in the course of the inquiry did it look as if McCarthy might have stumbled upon pay dirt. Confusing testimony by VOA engineers and outside con-

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sultants suggested the possibility of major waste and mismanagement, with possible overtones of conspiracy and sabotage, in connection with the location of the Voice's West Coast transmitter. It turned out that the fault lay not so much with the Voice's painfully cautious management as with its engineering consultants. The latter were unable until recently to agree that, all things considered, the location of Baker West had best be shifted from near Seattle to Southern California. Meanwhile an engineering subordinate had a nervous breakdown and committed suicide. The end result of this loud saboteur hunt, which no other investigating committee would conceivably have let get outside executive session, was that the original purpose of the powerful Baker West and Baker East stations—to overcome Soviet jamming—was completely forgotten. The plans for both stations were abandoned, a consummation devoutly welcomed, one can be sure, by the Kremlin.

Inevitably, as the McCarthy inquiry went from bad to worse, the morale of the Voice, which had been excellent, dropped to an all-time low. Policy conferences were paralyzed by fear lest the "loyal American underground" pour more tales into the ears of Messrs. Cohn and Schine. Feature writers used their noon hours to scout for less frustrating jobs. Veteran propagandists, their hands tied by panicky policy directives from Washington, got sicker by the minute. Back of the Iron Curtain the Communist press and radio jubilated openly.*

Is McCarthy really unable to tell a Communist from an anti-Communist, or is his obtuseness feigned—part of the McCarthy act?

Joe's recent duel with James Wechsler and his earlier debate with Towner Phelan in the February 1952 issue of the *Freeman* provide typical examples of this obtuseness.

Was it cold cynicism, as Wechsler insists, that prompted McCarthy to insinuate that Wechsler's anti-Communism, of which he has given quite adequate proofs, was a piece of fakery assigned him by a Communist conspiracy to which he remains secretly loyal?

And how does one explain Joe's action in giving Towner Phelan, a conservative Catholic lawyer, a kind of suspended sentence to the same crowded Red limbo reserved for Wechsler, the *Daily Worker*, Clement Attlee, the ADA—indeed for all those who have "smeared" the fastidious Senator?

On the surface Joe's automatic excommunication of his critics frequently doesn't seem to make sense in terms of practical American politics. Thus, McCarthy's reply to Phelan cost him conservative and Catholic support, and his treatment of Wechsler led one of his few journalistic supporters, the *Freeman*, to make one of its few criticisms of the Senator.

Is the Senator that stupid? It seems improbable. On the other hand, a careful reading of the Voice and other recent hearings would suggest that Senator McCarthy has never been given credit for the substantial amount of ignorance and congenital obtuseness that he can fairly claim to possess.

Rebecca West sensed this. It is a kind of ethical and moral tone deafness and color blindness. It is these defects, one suspects, that make him surprised, amused, and contemptuous when one of his victims squirms and rages under the cumulative outrageousness of his calculated inquisitorial sadism.

It is this ethical and moral blindness that is both the temporary strength and the ultimate weakness of Senator McCarthy. For even today, when he has arrived, and wields great power, he is isolated both morally and politically by the more and more apparent defects of his character and temperament—an isolation recently made concrete by the resignation of the Democratic members of his investigations subcommittee and the

*In measuring the harm done by McCarthy to the anti-Communist cause, much weight must be attached to his inadvertent but effective collaboration with Communist and neutralist propaganda abroad. If the Kremlin's agents and sympathizers in France, England, and Italy hadn't had McCarthy, they would have been forced to invent him. Today all over Europe, and indeed throughout the world, he has become the living symbol of the alleged decline and fall of American freedom and humanity.

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showdown with the White House on the issue of the CIA.

When Joe's opponents lump all the activities of all the current investigating committees—with their widely differing methods and objectives—into a single indictment of "McCarthyism," nobody is more delighted than the Senator, who needs to trade himself up; or the Communists, who need to trade down and discredit as "McCarthyism" such really damaging exposures as the McCarran Committee's investigation of the IPR.

Actually, McCarthyism is 90 per cent McCarthy. Significantly, McCarthy has found few political allies, and no major pressure group is united in his support. However, since he is surrounded by a wide belt of silence, created by those who have decided, out of expediency or cowardice, to ignore him, his support looks wider than it is.

His claque is made up of Americans of all classes. They are not organized nor are they organizable in terms of any bond of common interest. They fear Communism more than they understand it; hence they have been slow to appreciate and reject the demagogic unscrupulousness, incompetence, irresponsiblity and boomerang effect of McCarthy's performance in the role of Mr. Anti-Communist. Back in 1950 the worst howlers of Joe's Wheeling speech were quickly corrected by experienced anti-Communist (including ex-Communist) advisers, who took him in hand and guided him through his battles with the Tydings Committee. For a brief moment it appeared as if he might become the leader of a large number of homeless "anti-Communists." But he didn't take guidance well even then, and as for the 1953 model McCarthy, he seems to have neither brakes nor steering gear.

As a result the quality of Joe's kitchen cabinet has declined; earlier friendships have cooled; increasingly, fear and expedience must be relied upon to cement his political alliances. But while he has not been able to expand his press and Congressional support, television and publicity has, it would appear, considerably increased the volume of his popular support. The polls show a man whose greatest strength is among the least educated and who is almost universally opposed among the college educated and professionals. But as the qualities that isolate him from his fellow Senators become more obvious, it is more likely that the man in the street will follow the lead of the educated, than vice versa.

The liberal critics of Senator McCarthy could help this development—and happily they are increasingly doing so—by disassociating themselves from those who exploit his bad name to attack all investigations of Communism, and who in their own trigger-happy way mow down "McCarthy, Jenner, and Velde," without indicating they are aware of the important differences between them. In making him the titular head of "the forces of McCarthyism" (which they too often identify with all anti-Communist activity, legitimate and illegitimate) they not only reflect unfavorably on their own understanding of the deep national concern over Communism, but inflate McCarthy's importance by ascribing to him an ideology, a national following, and a program, to none of which he can fairly lay claim.

WHAT is Senator McCarthy's program? Just about every politician who has planned to get anywhere has had some kind of program, even though his critics may have denounced him for having none. This is as true for Adolf Hitler or Huey Long as it was for Franklin D. Roosevelt and President Eisenhower.

But Senator McCarthy doesn't say, nor can any consistent set of political principles, convictions, and objectives be deduced from either his voting record or his speeches.

The Congressional voting records compiled by the *ADA World* for the years 1949-52 give the Senator a total of 38 minuses and 12 pluses. This means that McCarthy has tended, as one would expect, to vote against liberal and pro-labor measures, but less consistently than Republican Senators like Taft, Bridges, Bricker, and Hickenlooper, all of whom rank even *lower* on the ADA's scoreboard.

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On the whole, the McCarthy record is isolationist, but again, not consistently so. In 1949 he voted with the ADA liberals against his friend McCarran on the DP issue. His vote for ECA aid to totalitarian Spain is certainly not isolationist. But it is balanced by his isolationist vote to retain the "peril points" amendment to the reciprocal trade act.

In 1950 he again crossed up McCarran by voting for a liberalized DP bill—possibly he was nudged by the Wisconsin Germans and Poles. That year his foreign policy votes were isolationist—in favor of cutting ECA and Point Four appropriations, except for another vote for the loan to Franco. In 1951 McCarthy again voted to reduce ECA appropriations. In 1952 he cast three votes that belatedly brought him in line with McCarran on the immigration bill, but he was still coppering his bets on foreign policy. His votes to cut MSA funds and to restrict United States participation in the scarce-materials program were more than balanced by his vote for participation in Nato military aid plans. In this vote McCarthy aligned himself against the hard core of Senate isolationists led by Taft, Hickenlooper, Bricker, and Jenner.

Admittedly, the foregoing data is fragmentary and inconclusive, but the Senator's office was unable to supply anything better. Nor do McCarthy's speeches, books, and formal answers to questions reveal anything resembling a consistent pattern with respect to either domestic or foreign policy. McCarthy, it seems, found a good thing in attacking suspected Communists in the State Department, and he has since deviated scarcely a hair's breadth from that tack. He simply doesn't talk about policy, domestic or foreign, unless it happens to fit into his one-note record. It is revealing that Bohlen was first attacked by Senate Republicans for his position on Yalta—but when McCarthy joined the attack, it was to shift the ground from a question of policy to one of security!

His speech analyzing the record of General Marshall, which was later published as a book, scarcely counts as an expression, even indirect, of McCarthy's own Far Eastern policy. *America's Retreat from Victory* was a piece of journalistic merchandise written by another and more informed hand, and impressive in its documented review of Marshall's mistakes and failures. But its fantastic insinuations of treason were so close to being libelous as to make this partisan political pamphlet unsaleable, in all probability, to anybody but McCarthy, who used it primarily to inflate his prestige as the scourge of traitors in government.

As Norman Thomas points out, one looks in vain for any speech or statement in which McCarthy has discussed "the nature of international Communism and the sources of Moscow's evil power, or sought to explain to the world the practical and symbolic value of our costly stand for freedom in Korea."

McCarthy has been equally without ideas and equally irresponsible with respect to the defense of Europe. By good luck, his investigators did not get around to mauling the Rias radio station before that admirable Berlin arm of the Voice of America had proved its effectiveness by playing a major, if belated, role in the East German revolt. But even that didn't give Joe any ideas about fighting Communism other than to continue his harassment of our propaganda and library services. He left it to his colleague from Wisconsin, Senator Wiley, to project, in his speech of June 25, an aggressive diplomatic exploitation of the Kremlin's reverses on the western front of the cold war.

He sees the world in one simple and fantastically restricted dimension. Even when he attacks the former Prime Minister of our leading ally, he must operate in his peculiar framework, so that his full thought about Clement Attlee seems to be that he is just another "pink."

As a political power-house almost wholly dependent upon a publicity connection, Senator McCarthy's time would appear to be running out. Already he is scraping the bottom of the barrel in his search for Communists in government; his recent inquiries have dredged up more anti-Communists than

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Communists, and of the latter the majority are old familiar faces. Soon McCarthy will have to put up or shut up in terms of policy, and there are signs that both he and his opponents inside the Eisenhower administration are aware of this. Undoubtedly Senator Wiley was speaking authoritatively when he said that President Eisenhower is not deceived about who is supporting him and who is not; that he "knows saboteurs and malcontents and goldbricks when he sees them."

The Junior Senator from Wisconsin is certainly not quite stupid enough not to be able to supply the missing address on that missive. Either he will have to go along with the Eisenhower program—whatever it turns out to be—or he will have to find himself an independent mass base in public opinion; otherwise he is likely to find that even his publicity connection has been short-circuited.

In the event that McCarthy elects to "go it alone" he will have to mature and consolidate and extend his isolationist and proto-fascist support. But is there an America that will welcome that kind of champion? The answer is apparent: not unless both major parties fumble and fail incredibly. Perhaps Huey Long would have known how to handle a situation like this. But as George Sokolsky, one of the Senator's last remaining confidantes has said, Joe is not Huey. Nor is Joe admitting—for the present—to any Presidential ambitions. At the moment it is more practicable for him to try to be kingmaker rather than kingfish.

As a stepping stone to either elevation the role of "Mr. Anti-Communist" might conceivably serve him sufficiently—if he had either the capacity or the inclination to play it straight and effectively.

Seemingly, on the record to date, he has neither. Either he doesn't know enough to distinguish a Communist from a socialist, an ADA liberal from a subversive—or else he doesn't care. Nor has he shown any disposition to embrace the disciplines and responsibilities that would be entailed by a principled and programmed fight against Communism at home and abroad.

Thus far Joe has had the gallery with him. But acts need freshening and galleries are fickle. One suspects that Joe just isn't big enough for the part—not in a country like ours, at any rate—and if he can't grow, then he's had it, or soon will.

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JONAS, MY OLD FRIEND

A Story

MARK RAVEN

ON THE surface it was just a lecture engagement like all the others that I received through the Atlantic Fellowship after my return to England. I had been asked to speak on "American Life" at the Prescott Institute, and had accepted instantly. Prescott was my old home town; but I had another reason for wanting to go back.

Was Jonas still alive? He had to be. Crippled, angry, dear old Jonas. Had the shadow between us passed? I had not seen or heard of him since our quarrel, and now, sitting back in the train leaving Euston Station for Prescott, I hardly knew what I expected.

I pushed aside the books and magazines that I had brought with me, and looked through the train window at the endless rows of suburban gardens rolling by. Gradually I began to feel again the old excitement of the schoolboy setting out north for the holidays. Soon I would breathe once more that pungent, northern air of Prescott, jostle with the dour cloth-capped miners in the cobbled streets, crowd into a rattling tramcar with the shabby, cheerful housewives going home laden from the Market Square, and watch the throngs of cheeky mill girls streaming out of the factory gates. And then, feeling at home again, with my feet on the earth and safe in that familiar intimate world, I would set off to see Jonas, my old friend.

IN THE old days I had usually walked up Albert Street to see him in his miserable, crowded house on the first day after my return home from school. I felt happy enough just to be walking in the hilly streets and in the fresh northern air after the soft flatness of the south. But it was the talks with Jonas, the endless passionate argument about everything, that made my liberation complete. At school we had argued too, but the issues there were unreal. We read love poetry that had no relation to our joking about sex. The struggles in history books were about other remote people. But when I talked to Jonas, he and I, arguing in that dismal room, *were* the issues, and he staked his life—and mine—on the outcome.

He was never temperate, as the masters were at school, but committed and angry. When I argued with him, I felt that he was pushing his way through some closed door, and that I was helping. Superficially, we were at loggerheads. To Jonas, the world was a vast deception, a cruel plot that man had to outwit. The role that therefore fell to me was to argue that there was, running through all things, an unsullied stream of beauty waiting to be uncovered. I tried to persuade him, whenever he let me speak, that life could really be beautiful if only one made it so. Yet at the same time I rejoiced in his hatred of all such pious platitudes.

In an odd way, when I turned off Market Square up the steep slope of Albert Street towards Jonas's house on Salisbury Terrace, it was almost as if I were going to confes-

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THIS reminiscence of his youth by an English economist and civil servant who writes under a pseudonym evokes the tragedy of all those who try to stand alone in life without other support than the powers of their own minds. It is a typical attitude for the post-emancipation Jew, but it is one found among all peoples that have inherited the Renaissance, and we recognize it in Shelley's Prometheus, Byron's Manfred, Goethe's Faust. MARK RAVEN is a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY. This story in a sense complements an earlier one of his, "Malcah and Sedgewick," which appeared in our November 1950 number.

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sion, when in fact it was I who sat silent most of the time, listening to a relentless tale—God's injustice and man's stupidity. Yet he spoke for me and I knew it. When he cursed man's fate he spoke for all the obedient schoolboys who learn their lessons conscientiously, and are kind to their parents, and ready, when the time comes, to fall into a job with prospects. I always had plenty of arguments ready in my head to trot out, like one of Job's comforters, whenever I could get a word in. But I never wanted to win the argument, and it was with an odd sense of absolution that I would finally walk away from his home towards evening.

Sitting back now in the railway carriage and recalling those days, I could recover exactly the intense physical happiness of those evening walks from Jonas's house. Prescott itself, as I came down the hill, had a more cheerful air, the harsh brick softened by twilight, the endless rows of mean houses humanized now by the glow of coal fires here and there through the front-room windows. Or perhaps it had a defiant air for me as I strolled down, past the opening pubs on Victoria Road, cutting through the corner sheds of the Tonbridge Iron Works, kicking away cheerfully at lumps of coal or empty cans lying around, turning the corner at the tin hut of the Salem Mission towards the respectable, bow-fronted houses of Gladstone Place, and so, past Barron's Clothing Store, into the Market Square again, where the flaring kerosene lamps threw an exciting light on the fruit-laden stalls, the Punch and Judy man still held the children open-mouthed with his shrill chatter, and over it all, with smoke filling the heavens, the black clouds glowed with the hot breath of the steel furnaces.

How I loved the restless energy that had created all this. Once there had been gently rolling moors, as there were still five miles away, with sheep grazing quietly within the stone-fenced fields. Industry, with its demoniac urge, had stripped it all bare, yet in so doing had uncovered a fiercer beauty, some hidden bone structure of power. Dimly I felt that Jonas was part of this. Gaunt and crippled, stripped of all comfort in body and mind, he seemed to draw a special passion out of poverty and ugliness, and some part of me responded.

It was ironic that it should all have begun out of Bible lessons. Originally my parents had sent me to him—I was only fourteen at the time—to keep up my Hebrew. We were to do Bible translation twice a week during the school holidays. Jonas seemed an old man even then, lean, stooping, and crippled by gout, and he was famous among the few Jewish families of Prescott as the town's miser and misanthrope. But he knew Hebrew well, his father having been a rabbi in Lithuania, and my parents thought, I suppose, that there could be no danger. He gave me lessons without charge, and even in those early days we seemed to be helping each other in a special way. He had never before read the Bible in English, and the archaic language of the Authorized Version fascinated him. Sometimes we would find different things in the same text. I remember reading first the Hebrew and then the English of one lovely verse from the Psalms:

With the sound of my own grief, my bones cleave to my skin;
I am like a pelican in the wilderness, like an owl in the desert;
I wait alone, like a sparrow on the housetop. . . .

When the words were out, we sat musing over them silently, I surprised to hear the sound of nature in the middle of a Hebrew lesson, he suddenly conscious, perhaps, of the deep anguish of his enemy the Psalmist.

For the Psalmist, and Isaiah and Jeremiah and the others were all his personal enemies. As I grew older, we still started the lesson with a chapter or two of Hebrew, moving from the Psalms to Job or Ecclesiastes, but much more we would just sit and talk. Once he saw that I was old enough to struggle, he seemed to feel that I was fair game. To translate Hebrew was a le-

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gitimate exercise, even, in some ways, an enjoyable one. But to *believe* in what the words said, to take it sanctimoniously, this was an outrage, and he would tell me why, in his fierce, guttural English.

Any subject would do to start off his anger, but in the end every argument came back to God and his peculiar creation, the Jewish people. That Jews, suffering everywhere and through all the ages, should thank God for this seemed to him not merely absurd but monstrous, the primeval sin. Were Jews supposed to take a special pride in being the victims of God's so-called love? No. Pride lay in protesting against it. It was evil to prolong this two-thousand-year story of suffering. There was only one way in which we Jews could still fool God. We could split up, merge, disappear without leaving a trace. This was the first step towards getting even with God's long list of triumphs against us.

"Isn't it simple reason?" he would say. Everything, and particularly every sentimentality, had to be held up and weighed by pitiless, humorless reason. I would pay dearly for a vague remark such as "I like Wordsworth." He would want chapter and verse, and I would have to produce a text and read. In that grim background, the love of nature did indeed sound absurd. He would listen intently, ready to pounce, nodding occasionally at a sententious line—"the world is too much with us"—but through most of it—"trailing clouds of glory," "pansies at my feet"—grimacing horribly. I remember that when I told him that we had started to study economics he asked me to explain it, and that when I talked, fresh from my first lessons, about "the laws of supply and demand" he lost all patience. "You waste your time on this," he shouted, "when there are men crawling on their stomachs in the mines to hack out a ton of coal, coming home, night after night, to the same misery and poverty! Have you seen them in their hovels, in this very street? Have you seen them in the public houses, stupefying themselves with beer to forget the horrible pit they work in? Is this another God-given law, supply and demand? Is this God's love of mankind . . ." and we were back again to his favorite subject.

With him nothing could be treated casually. Thinking of him now in the train, I began to imagine what he would say about the lecture I had prepared. I was to speak on American life. Well, what had I discovered there that had any meaning? Had they some new insight in America into human destiny? Had they got the measure of God? If not, what was the use of describing how they lived, what they ate, where their policies led them? I remembered a trade convention that I had recently attended in New York on the theme: "A Better World Through Increased Production and Wider Consumption." A better world! Oh, God! I could hear his comment.

But I couldn't be flippant. It was the worst sin. I remembered that once, when he had said impatiently that I was "too young and childish" to understand what I was saying, I had tried to tease him, and to show off, by quoting some verses from the Wisdom of Solomon:

For honorable old age is not that which standeth in length of time,
Nor is its measure given by number of years,
But an unspotted life is ripe old age. . . .

Far from smiling, he had burst into another torrent. "What is this supposed to mean? 'An unspotted life!' To be innocent is good? What is innocence? Just a form of ignorance. Is this the wisdom of Solomon? How can an intelligent person be taken in by all this rubbish?"

Yet he spent all his time arguing about this sort of "rubbish." It was as if, in some perverse way, he agreed with the old rabbi who had said of the Bible: "Turn it over and over again, for in it is everything."

I HAD never discovered what there was in Jonas's history that had so embittered him. It seemed not his personal condition but the wastefulness of suffering that he found enraging.

His miserliness reflected this. It actually

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hurt him to spend money carelessly, just as it hurt him to accept any belief without counting the cost. Yet he was supposed to be rich. Coming to England as a young man, he had worked as a traveling peddler until, after years of saving, he had acquired some money and begun to buy cheap houses. By the time I knew him, he owned a good deal of slum property in Prescott, all administered with scrupulous avarice. He lived himself in one of the worst of his own houses, surrounded on all sides by tenants who hated him and whose children jeered in the street at the crooked, shambling figure who came weekly to collect the rents.

Once he must have been tall, but when I knew him he was already bent double with age and pain. Yet one could still see dignity in his high forehead and long straight nose; and though his fingers were twisted by gout into gargoyle shapes, they were immensely long and expressive.

I used to think his hands were beautiful, twisted as they were. I was always looking in those days for beauty shining through the ugliness around us. When I fell in love with Mary, who lived in his house, it seemed to me a natural part of my love for Jonas. Why had it shocked him so?

Mary, when I first knew Jonas, was only a child, the daughter of Mrs. Maclean who lived upstairs at a low rent in return for some housecleaning. Jonas had been married once, but his wife had died in childbirth, the child dying too. Mrs. Maclean looked after him in some indefinable way. She was spruce and buxom; and she met me at the door occasionally, greeting me with a Scottish burr of welcome. But I saw very little of her or Mary, since Jonas lived entirely in his hideous, crowded front room, overlooking the street, and he usually saw me coming and opened the door himself.

Once inside his room, I had left my schoolboy world. Jonas usually lay on a huge rusty old bed, while I sat in a squeaky rocking chair, bought, like everything else in the room, at auctions for a shilling or two. The room was crowded with ancient Victorian rubbish. Books of all kinds littered the floor, often still tied up in their "penny bundles." There was even a decrepit harmonium up against one wall, and I occasionally heard him trying to play it. It was a sound of agony, almost is if a lost soul, imprisoned in the room, were crying out for release.

JONAS had almost nothing to do with the Jewish families of Prescott. Whenever a collection was made for a Jewish charity, the leaders of the small community had been wont to call on him, only to emerge baffled with a gift of a shilling or one and six-pence. It became gradually established that the only man to visit him for such collections was little Joe Barron, who owned the successful clothing store in the Market Square and devoted himself to good works. Dapper, innocent, and irrepressibly cheerful, Barron could not really believe that Jonas meant all the wicked things he said; and in a curious return, Jonas treated Barron with a kind of amused tolerance. They came from towns close to each other in the old country, and perhaps this was some link.

Even Barron rarely succeeded in extracting much money for charity, but he continued to call, unperturbed. Jonas was reputed to have said kind words about the work of hospitals—medical science was one of man's ways of outwitting God's malevolence—and Barron hoped that Jonas might give money one day to a Jewish hospital, perhaps even a Jewish hospital in Palestine, a double *mitzvah*. Jonas gave him no encouragement: he thought Zionism quite reactionary. But no rebuffs could keep Barron down, and when they met he managed to make Jonas smile sometimes with stories of old times.

When I was there alone, though, the argument was entirely different in tone. I would give him a cigarette, which he broke into two, half to be kept for smoking later, and we were arguing instantly. In the early days I had just listened while he framed an endless protest in terms of his own world—"Why did man suffer so? Where was the power for good?"—but gradually, as my own

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reading broadened, I found myself feeding his argument with ideas from the outside, a world he hardly knew. Yet though it was I who brought in the new names, the passion and the argument always became his own, and never far from the primitive anger of Job or the cynicism of Ecclesiastes.

I could never tell in advance who would appeal to him. When I discovered Spinoza, I thought that this might be his mark, a Jew rejected and then reclaimed by the Jews, ethics without the trimmings. But Jonas found him worse than Isaiah. "Do you think he has freed himself?" he said bitterly. "He's still afraid of God. Why should there be a 'God' immanent in everything. Why doesn't he just call it 'natural law'? And how can he pretend that there is no such thing as absolute evil. There is, the world is full of it . . ." and so to his usual harangue.

I did no better with Schopenhauer. This time, the pessimism was too unrelieved. Was he indeed a pessimist at all? There was good in the virtues of simple people. There was joy in the struggle against a capricious God.

When I saw this, I realized suddenly that he was, after all, a romantic, and I tried Shelley on him, with instant success, not the lyrics, but *Prometheus Unbound.* Extended on his rusty bed, he saw himself chained to the rock, and he loved the pompousness of the diction:

Fiend, I defy thee! With a calm fixed mind
All that thou canst inflict I bid thee do;
Foul Tyrant, both of God and Human-kind,
One only being shalt thou not subdue.

He marked every protest in the copy I lent him, and one line he underscored heavily: *"I wish no living thing to suffer pain."*

DURING this time I was growing older, and so was Mary. I had not seen her for a couple of years, and never thought of her. But one day, when I came back to Prescott after my first term at Oxford, she opened the door for me, and I saw her with new eyes. I was nineteen and she barely seventeen. I looked at her golden hair and young slender body, and her long, fair face, so delicately formed that the light seemed to shine through the bone. We looked at each other very directly again when I came out, and I could say very little, my voice trembled so. But the next day I met her outside, and from then on we began to see each other in the evenings in the Park.

Mary had left school, like the other boys and girls in her street, at fourteen. She had just now taken a new job at a factory, and was trying to better herself by studying shorthand and typing at evening classes. She was from another world, one of the countless factory girls that I saw but never spoke to in the street or the Market Square.

Walking in the Park at night, there was little enough we could say to each other. "Aren't the lights lovely?" she would whisper, as we stood, warm and close together, looking down on the town from the Park terrace. And when I sighed: "You're beautiful, so beautiful," she would frown slightly, almost with embarrassment.

Jonas and Mary's mother knew nothing, we were both sure. They couldn't know. It didn't seem their business. But one day, just before the end of vacation, Jonas greeted me differently when I called on him, and I felt my cheeks grow red when he began to talk.

"Tell me," he said, "do you ever think of marriage? Do you plan what you will do?"

"Well, no," I said slowly, "I haven't thought much about it."

"Barron was here yesterday," said Jonas. "He tells me that you were dancing a lot with his daughter Betty at the Orloff's wedding last week. Is she a special friend of yours?"

Betty Barron! Plump and cheerful Betty. This was really funny.

"Of course," I said. "Betty's one of my oldest friends. I've known her since she was a baby. She's a very nice girl."

"But you wouldn't marry her, would you?" said Jonas. "You wouldn't marry any Jewish girl."

"Why not?" I heard myself saying. "Why shouldn't I, if I wanted to and she agreed?"

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"Why not! A young man with your intelligence asks such a question! You know history, you know what has happened to the Jewish people. How could you bear to bring any more Jews into the world?"

Now I could see it. We were back on one of our regular arguments.

"But my mind doesn't work that way," I said. "Surely a person must be free to follow any of his desires. No one should be forbidden to marry anybody else, either because she's Jewish or because she's non-Jewish."

"Oh, my poor friend," cried Jonas, "how can I make you understand! It's the principle that's important above everything else. One must live by principle. To live by whim, by pleasure, leads to chaos. Listen to me. You're too young to marry now anyway, but perhaps this will make you understand. You know that I don't like to throw money away—that's a principle too. But I will give you a hundred pounds the day you marry a Christian girl. *One hundred pounds.* Now do you see what I mean?"

"A hundred pounds! That's a lot of money. I'll have to start looking quickly before you change your mind. . . ."

I tried to talk jokingly, but my mind was racing with other thoughts. Why couldn't I tell Jonas about Mary, not for the hundred pounds, but because he was my friend, free of all the horrible conventionality that had surrounded me from childhood?

Jonas was still talking when I took my decision.

"Can I tell you something?" I said. "I really am in love. Perhaps you'll be surprised. I'm in love with Mary—upstairs."

The effect on Jonas was astonishing. I thought for a moment that he had had a fit. With a horrible clumsy gesture, he raised himself from the bed, his face twisted in anger.

"With Mary! With Mary! You must be mad."

"I'm not mad. She's beautiful, and I love her."

"In love with Mary!" he shouted. "Are you serious? Why she's just a simple ignorant girl. How can you even think of getting tied up with anyone like her? You're a student at Oxford. You can become—why anything. To be carried away by a pretty face. . . ."

I was hot inside with a terrible anger myself. I suddenly wondered what I was doing there, in that crowded decrepit room. The years of friendship, of high argument, of fine words, had all gone. He was just a horrible ugly old man.

"I thought you would understand," I said, "but you're just as bad as all the rest. You're worse . . ." and I left, stumbling blindly into the slummy street.

I knew now that he would be my enemy, and that probably Mrs. Maclean would be too, and the next day I went to wait outside Mary's factory at closing time to see her and talk. As the whistle blew and the large steel gates swung open, I watched the noisy horde of chattering girls pour out, all alike in cotton dresses covered by cheap coats, and all wearing shawls or kerchiefs on their heads. I couldn't recognize Mary in that flowing stream of faces, but she saw me and came straight to me, her eyes low in a kind of modest shame.

"Mother's given me a terrible talking to," she said in her soft northern voice. "She says I've got to stop seeing you. She's made me promise."

"Can't you get out tonight and come to the Park?" I said. "Please, please try. Mr. Jonas can't do anything. Please come."

I was full of brave words, but I hardly knew myself what I wanted. Everything had changed so. The innocence had gone. We were plotting now. I saw the factory girls looking at us—Mary hesitant, withdrawing, me pleading, urgent—it was hateful.

"Please come," I said.

"I'll try," she said, "but Mother made me promise. . . ."

Oh, those cold, empty hours of waiting in the Park that night, and the next night, the hard black asphalt paths, the sooty leaves, the flowerless earth. She never came.

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The next week I went back to Oxford, and there I had a letter from Mary, a pitifully tidy, powder-scented note on flower-edged Woolworth paper, telling me that she was being sent away to live with Mrs. Maclean's sister in Manchester. She was attending a school there to complete her secretarial training. Jonas was paying for it. I didn't go to see Jonas this time, and I spent the whole of next vacation taking a student course in France. In the summer my parents bought a small business at Laurenceton in the South of England and we moved there. Oxford, Laurenceton, London—it was another world.

I TOOK a taxi, not a tram, from the station to the Market Square. There was a room reserved for me at the Grand Hotel, and a letter from the Institute, telling me about the arrangements for the lecture. And there in the Prescott Gazette, was my name in large type. Surely it was about somebody else.

But when I walked across to see Joe Barron in his shop, everything came back. He was delighted to see me. Betty was married, and Barron was a grandfather. And Jonas?

"He's terribly ill," said Barron. "He was taken ill about a week ago. I saw him this morning. The doctor says there is no hope."

Barron went on talking about him, in his usual garrulous way. He was genuinely grieved about his friend, but at the same time, he had in his mind the question of the will. Perhaps now there would be a bequest for the Jerusalem hospital. Only half hearing him, I said I would go up to see Jonas, and I set off up Albert Street.

Mary opened the door. I looked at her, seeking the fine glint and tenderness of her youth. I thought I could see it. She was still pretty, but something had gone. The house was different too. Jonas had been moved upstairs. He had passed completely into Mrs. Maclean's care. To me the house had always been Jonas's bedroom, full of books and confusion and argument, with some other rooms elsewhere. Now it had ceased to be Jonas's house at all. He was a lodger, in a big brass bed upstairs. The house was clean-swept, smelling of soap.

Jonas had changed, too. Perhaps it was seeing him lying there in a quiet, clean room that made him seem so different. He was more shrunken than before, and part of the strain, the desperate effort to prove his case, seemed gone. A smile almost of tenderness shone in his eyes when he saw me.

With an immense effort he said: "I am glad you came," and laid his bony, twisted hand on mine. Mrs. Maclean was in the room quietly tidying up. He motioned to her to come to the bedside and said to me faintly: "You know, every Jew has two ministering angels. Mrs. Maclean and Mary are mine." I stayed a little while and went downstairs, bewildered and sad.

Mary was in the sitting room below, Jonas's old room. Her voice still had a Northern warmth: "It's lovely to see you again."

But we could say nothing more.

I CAME again the next day after my lecture, and found Barron sitting patiently downstairs, sad and perplexed because Jonas had not been willing to see the rabbi when he had called. Jonas was much worse when I went upstairs, and we sat for a few minutes saying nothing. Finally I asked him the question that Barron had insisted I put to him: would he not see the rabbi? He frowned and shook his head, but then whispered: "Get a Bible from downstairs." I went down and rummaged in a cupboard full of books, Barron helping me with joy at the thought that there was a *mitzvah* somewhere in the offing.

Jonas lay still, his mind far from Salisbury Terrace. Then I heard him whispering softly to himself some familiar words, the opening phrase of a chapter of Job. I found the passage and in a strong voice began reading the mighty Hebrew verses, as I had read them to him so often in those early days:

My soul is weary of my life: I will leave my complaint upon myself; I will speak in the bitterness of my soul. . . .

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Is it good unto Thee that Thou shouldst oppress, that Thou shouldst despise the work of Thy hands, and shine upon the counsel of the wicked? . . .

Thine hands have made me and fashioned me together round about; yet Thou dost destroy me. . . .

Wherefore then hast Thou brought me forth out of the womb? Oh that I had given up the ghost and no eye had seen me!

I should have been as though I had not been; I should have been carried from the womb to the grave.

Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little.

Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death;

A land of darkness as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness. . . .

I read on, hardly knowing whether he was listening, but happy myself to be sharing with him this last act of defiance. He was holding on firmly: he would not give in. Yet hearing the sonorous Hebrew words, something deeper than defiance was touched, something of his youth and promise and his final arid isolation. The tears ran slowly down his yellow lined cheeks and his hand touched mine in farewell.

He died two days later, and Barron was active immediately in the pious deeds surrounding the Jewish dead. But Jonas had left a letter of instruction with Mr. Andrews, his lawyer, together with the will, and Barron was dumbfounded.

"The letter says that he doesn't want to be buried in a cemetery. His body is to be burned and the ashes scattered. How can we do this? We *must* bury him in holy ground —the son of a rabbi. . . ."

His ashes to be scattered . . . *to disappear without leaving a trace.* But had he indeed left no trace?

"And the will!" cried Barron. "Mr. Andrews told me. His whole property was not so great after all. It's worth only about five thousand pounds. But how he worked it out! One thousand pounds to Prescott Hospital—well, very nice. But the rest. Do you know who gets it? Mrs. Maclean and her daughter Mary, equal shares. Not one penny for any Jewish cause. Isn't it terrible?"

But Barron had one final surprise coming to him. When I said goodbye to him the next day, after the cremation, he told me of a long talk he had had with Mrs. Maclean.

"You know," he said, "she is a very fine woman. She told me how kind he was to her when she was in trouble, and she wants to do something in memory of him. I told her what the Jews are doing in Palestine, and she thinks he was such a learned man, with so many Hebrew books, that he would have liked to have some memorial there. So she is giving me twenty-five pounds to have his name inscribed in the Golden Book of the Jewish National Fund. Isn't that a very fine thing?"

Poor old Jonas! He couldn't even disappear successfully. Everything around him failed, everything was twisted the wrong way, even, of course, my picture of him. But sitting in the train leaving Prescott, listening to its insistent rhythm, I began at last to glimpse something.

I had thought for so long that Jonas, in his struggle with God, was seeking a recipe for man's happiness. What an odd sensation it was to realize that through all these years I had been reading the book upside down. What a grim moment to see, suddenly, irrefutably, that happiness, the easy formula, may be just as irrelevant for young me as for old him. If not happiness, what then? And one begins to be a bit afraid.

One is afraid, not of death, but of being touched by a more relentless exclusion. Torn from the excitement of living, one waits alone in the Park at night, cold, disillusioned, watching the world spin on, and knowing that one is on one's own without a place to be, and without any hope except in that knowledge.

If one has ever heard this music, one's ear stays attuned to it. Some listen sharply

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for a still small voice. Jonas heard the same voice coming out of a whirlwind.

Poor old Jonas! He hardly knew what he was listening for except that it was more important than everything else in life. Something told him that he must shy away from everything safe and comfortable if his mind was to stay free. He was bound to fail, because of the rules that he himself had set. There could be no happiness on these terms for anyone, only restlessness and doubt, the mind waiting for an answer that never fully comes, yet on which we all live.

Some lines came into my mind again from the same Wisdom of Solomon he had once derided. This time, perhaps, they suited him. In an ode to wisdom, the writer says:

For there is in wisdom a spirit full of understanding,
Alone in kind, manifold, subtle, freely moving,
Clear in utterance, unpolluted, distinct, unharmed . . .
All-powerful, all-surveying,
And penetrating through all spirits that are quick of understanding. . . .

If only Jonas had allowed us to build him a tombstone, I might have had these words engraved there, but no one would have understood. It sounds far too reassuring wrapped up in Biblical language. How can I make it dissident, dissatisfied, disturbing, uncomfortable, forever restless?

THE HASIDIM

CHAYYM ZELDIS

ON instruments not of this world
the Hasidim are playing
in temporal eternity
ai
the dust trembles
in time to stars
ai
ai
ai
the pyramids are melting, *achim*
the sunbeams
streaming
out
of
Egypt
Hah!
"We would ye dance with us, brothers—
"the soul is as an orb
"the heart a far and splendid field—
"ai
brothers,
"come out
"from silence:
dance!"

CHAYYM ZELDIS was born in Buffalo in 1927 and emigrated in 1948 to Israel, where he has lived in various kibbutzim.

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THE HARD ROAD TO ISRAELI SELF-DEPENDENCE

Facing Up to the Grim Economic Realities

SCHLOMO RIEMER

ONE of the most important aims of Zionism was to reduce the dependence of Jewish communities on a surrounding Gentile world. And it is one of the supreme ironies of history that the culmination of Zionist success, the creation of a sovereign Jewish state, has served up to now, not to reduce this dependence, but to shift it from the political to the economic arena. While the great Jewish communities of the Diaspora were characterized by economic strength and political weakness, we citizens of the state of Israel enjoy political sovereignty coupled with an almost complete economic dependence on others.

As we know, the considerable economic prowess of the Jews in the Dispersion availed them little in countries where they were politically helpless; it might be concluded similarly that Israel's political independence will mean little in the face of continued economic dependence.

IF THE prime essential of a sound democracy is free, candid, and untrammeled public discussion and criticism of official policies—political, economic, or social—the Israelis surely qualify. We print here a remarkably frank article by a young Israeli economist, SCHLOMO RIEMER, whose zeal for the independence of his new state prompts a most searching analysis of why and how Israel must plan if it is to achieve economic independence in the future. Born in Berlin in 1925, Mr. Riemer came to England in 1939, served in the British army during the war, and emigrated to Israel in 1949 as the youth leader of a group of North African Jewish children. Now a research economist in Israel (he was trained in the London School of Economics), he contributes regularly to the Israeli fortnightly *Baterem*, and writes occasional articles on economic and business topics in both Hebrew and English for many other periodicals in that country.

THERE is an understandable tendency to write off Israel's economic weakness as just another example of how in our chaotic modern world all small nations and some not so small ones must depend on the support of a Big Brother or the generosity of an Opulent Uncle. But, even so, the sheer magnitude of Israel's economic dependence on the outside world makes it a very special, if not unique case.

A glance at Israel's balance of payments will make the point:

During the three and a half years from 1949 to June 1952 Israel imported goods and services worth $1,184,000,000, while its total exports, visible and invisible, amounted to $183,000,000—only 15.5 per cent of the total. The deficit reached the fantastic sum of over one billion, or $286,000,000 annually, which is not very much short, in terms of real economic values, of one-half the net national income at cost price during that period. And it must be remembered that in the absence of these huge annual unrequited imports the total national income would have been much lower.

The invariable response of official spokesmen when confronted with these figures is to point to the Ingathering of the Exiles and the massive volume of investments required for their productive integration into the economy of the country. What are the facts? From the foundation of the state in May 1948 until the end of September 1952, net immigration, i.e., the excess of all arrivals over all departures, was 676,097. This compares with a Jewish population at the termination of the British Mandate of about 650,000. On the other hand, however, it must not be forgotten that at the beginning of that same period approximately 800,000 Arabs left the territory now administered

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by the State of Israel. They left behind all their immovable property, including 1,300,000 dunams of arable land, 140,000 dunams of built-up area with 50,000 more or less intact dwellings, 8,300 businesses, and 1,000 workshops.

MOREOVER, despite this windfall and the subsequent huge expenditures, the new immigrant population is still far from having been absorbed into the economy of the country, however we may choose to define this term. About 180,000 newcomers are still living in flimsy, temporary camps, so-called *ma'abarot,* which, according to the impartial testimony of UN officials on the spot, invite comparison with the admittedly dreadful living conditions in the Arab refugee camps beyond Israel's borders. Another quarter of a million people are housed in Arab-abandoned towns, villages, and homesteads, and only the final odd third have been provided with new homes or have been absorbed into residences of the older immigrants. The government and public institutions still expend vast sums of money for large-scale public-work schemes of dubious productive value in order to enable thousands of needy newcomers to eke out a meager existence. By no stretch of the imagination can we call this "economic integration."

The most disturbing feature in the situation is that, as the rate of immigration has gone down, Israel has become more, not less, dependent on the outside world. In 1949, when 234,000 immigrants entered, our economy paid for 16.2 per cent of imports from its current earnings. In 1950, when immigration went down to 160,000, we paid for only 14.7 per cent of our imports. In 1951, when 167,000 persons immigrated, we paid for only 13.7 per cent of our imports.

During the first nine months of 1952, just under 10,000 persons immigrated into the country. Yet in comparison with the corresponding period of 1951, visible exports shrank by 7.6 per cent (from $36,700,000 in January-September 1951, to $33,900,000 in January-September 1952) while visible imports rose by 20.2 per cent (from $232,300,000 to $279,200,000). The visible trade deficit increased by 25.4 per cent at a time when the world price level had decreased on an average by 10 to 15 per cent!

More than a year after mass immigration had virtually ceased (only 30,000 odd persons for the period July 1951-June 1952), the government budgeted for an import program of $332,000,000 (of which $305,000,000 is government-financed) for the year July 1952-June 1953, of which Israel's visible and invisible exports were expected to contribute but $62,000,000 or only 18.7 per cent of the total. So much, in plain figures, for the much publicized *plan*!

TRUE, Israel's economic crisis since 1949 is no more desperate than was the preceding military crisis which threatened her very existence. But there is this unhappy difference. While the country rose brilliantly to meet the challenge of 1948, it is now, as we have seen, sinking ever deeper into the morass of economic dependence for its very daily existence. In 1948 the Jews of Israel knew that there was no way out; they either had to throw the Arabs back or else be thrown by them into the Mediterranean in an orgy of slaughter and pillage. It was a bitter but clear-cut alternative, and out of it arose the grim determination to stand one's ground wherever one happened to be. The Arabs, not faced with any such inescapable imperative, yielded to superior courage and resourcefulness born of sheer desperation.

On the economic front the position is the exact opposite. There is no grim alternative threatening us with starvation in the absence of production. We are shielded against the icy wind of economic reality by the magic phrase, the "Ingathering of the Exiles." By virtue of this appeal, we have succeeded now for the fifth year running in drawing forth hundreds of millions of philanthropic dollars out of the pockets of the most amazing number of countries, peoples, and institutions, moneys which flow into Israel as unrequited imports, primarily to

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prop up living standards at a level out of all proportion to our productive performance.

The annual excess of imports over exports per capita of the Jewish population over the last three years has averaged the respectable sum of $255. Without any productive effort of their own, every Jewish man, woman, and child in Israel commands a volume of goods and services which roughly exceeds three times the *total means of subsistence per head* of such countries as Egypt, Iraq, and Syria, and is well above the $100 figure at which more than half of the world's population are subsisting.

Under the circumstances, what drive is there for the heroic exertion of mind and bodies required to fend for ourselves? It would not make sense economically! Economics has been defined, correctly, as the "dismal science," advising how man ought best to battle against Nature for his daily subsistence. The price for the flow of utilities on which life depends is the perennial incurrence of the "disutilities" of work and effort. No man in his senses would willingly want to add to these disutilities if he can reap fruits at a lower pitch of strain. The Israeli economy as a whole is shielded from the need to face grim economic realities by the unmatched ability of its leaders to find external means to finance 85 per cent of its total import bill. And the individual earner in Israel is protected from the disutilities involved in realistic economic productive effort by such ingenious institutional devices as "cost plus" to the businessman, and an automatic cost of living allowance to the wage earner—of which we will have more to say later. Together these form a kind of national insurance policy guaranteeing to workers and manufacturers a generously defined "decent standard of living" divorced from corresponding "decent" productive achievement. The government, in these circumstances, is required to function as a presiding committee which shares out the bounty-from-afar to the different sections of the community in nice proportion to the intensity of pressure brought to bear upon it.

If the Jewish community of Israel in 1948 had been convinced that, come what may, the Arabs simply would not be allowed to win, that even were the Egyptian army and the Arab Legion to join forces in the center of Tel Aviv a powerful American task force would land on the beaches of Tel Aviv and throw back the enemy, would they have put up the fight they did? Might they not have been inclined toward waging a war of make-believe? Counting so greatly as we do today upon economic relief forces from abroad, isn't there always the very human temptation to put up with an economy of make-believe, doing only just enough to support the belief abroad that we are really straining to the limits of human exertion and that our gigantic strides justify further aid of the same kind?

Isn't there some truth in the sardonic observation that many Israelis' chief economic talent seems by and large to consist in the mastery of the subtle arts of oral persuasion, and the utilizing of those arts to "produce" economic values? I have seen how this works in my own personal experience. Israeli businessmen sometimes take the occasion to discuss with me their foreign exchange difficulties. Actually, I am in no position to help them even should I want to. They know this full well: it is part of their peculiar talent to nose out in any situation at once those strategic vulnerable points at which it is worthwhile to apply the lever of their persuasive powers. If they still deign to talk to me, it is no more than a kind of verbal sparring exercise on their part, to keep fit and in good fighting trim, rather like a champion boxer going through a preliminary workout in preparation for the big fight. Yet, after listening to them for ten minutes, protect myself as I try with my trained critical faculties, I find myself being convinced that our national economy (such as it is) is balanced precariously on a dangerous precipice and will crash to pieces like an empty cardhouse, burying us all under its debris, unless that particular enterprise can obtain an immediate allocation of, say, $25,000 for the

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acquisition of, say, urgently needed spare parts. In another minute I would be prepared literally to sell the last shirt off my back to alleviate their distress. And these people are blundering amateurs compared to our representatives on the annual world circuit, who, in turn, are outclassed by the really Big Shots. And there is always the Old Man himself, our one-man atomic artillery piece, looming awe-inspiringly in the background, ready to rumble into action at instant notice.

For fifty and more years, the Zionist movement had to fight an arduous uphill struggle against unbelievable odds to promote its national ideals. One remembers the almost legendary *biluyim*, our first pioneers, and their accounts of the malarial swamps and murderous roving Beduin bands with which they had to contend. There comes to mind the passage in Weizmann's autobiography in which he describes how he was moved to tears thirty years ago at the sight of young Jewish boys from the ghettos of Eastern Europe breaking stones for roads while the hot burning sun of a Palestinian summer beat mercilessly down on their frail bodies. Zionist progress has always demanded deliberate assaults along a line of greatest resistance. And now in the very hour of our triumph and fulfillment, after the Old-New State has been set up again and its external enemies defeated in war, it seems as if the reservoirs of spiritual energy that fed us hitherto have been drained.

TO MANY people in America, reading of the careful government control of imports, and the extensive government-guided investment program, these statements may appear excessive. It is typical of economic lay opinion to think that the economy of Israel can be put on its feet by control of import or even of investment policy. Unhappily, this is a fallacy—if this were so we would be well on our way to independence! Consumption goods in proportion to total imports dropped from 32.4 per cent in 1949 to 26.2 per cent in 1950 and 25.7 per cent in 1951; from 1949 to 1950 investment goods imports rose from 28.6 per cent to 34.4 per cent and sank to 28.1 per cent in 1951 since investment goods imports had to be cut in favor of production goods, i.e., raw materials, etc., because of the critical foreign exchange position. Yet, as we have seen, these massive imports of investment goods have had no positive impact whatsoever on Israel's international balance of payments. The truth is that, while the *potential* productive capacity in Israel has indeed immensely increased over the last four years, only a limited part of it is being utilized at all, and of that again only a fraction is employed in the most efficient manner possible.

This much progress has been made: as far as our capital equipment is concerned, Israel is all primed for a remarkable upsurge in production and productivity. What is now needed is the political courage on the part of the government *to create the conditions in which the rational exploitation of existing resources becomes possible and feasible.* But this would require a determined attack on the two economic mechanisms—"cost plus" and the automatic cost-of-living bonus—which would force Israeli businessmen and workers to produce, for their very livelihood, at costs lower than prevail today in Israel. Since these mechanisms are the very quintessence of the Israeli economic system, they need explanation.

"Cost plus" is a method of price calculation based on costs of production plus a flat percentage rate of profit superimposed upon it. This not only offers a subsidy to inefficient producers but actually places a premium on economic waste since your absolute profits increase with costs of production. Under this system, you can never reduce real incomes through rising prices, because profit margins as fixed percentages of production costs rise proportionately. It is by way of the "cost plus" mechanism that government makes its purchases—and, of course, in the present situation government purchases form a huge percentage of all production.

In 1952 the government tentatively experimented with the method of issuing

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tenders—that is, permitting open bidding, contract to go to the lowest bidder—for the production of certain standardized types of goods. This actually reduced prices in some lines, but was met with the most determined opposition and even attempts at organized sabotage on the part of the producers. The Israeli manufacturers are forever passing high-sounding resolutions reiterating their unflinchable belief in the private enterprise, free competitive system, and in the very same breath reaffirming their abhorrence of government tenders!

THE automatic cost-of-living bonus is even more serious. For every one-point rise in the officially computed cost-of-living (C of L) index all wage and salary earners in Israel automatically enjoy a bonus of 800 *prutim* (eight-tenths of a pound). More than 50 per cent of these allowances, which amount today to one-half to two-thirds of wages and salaries, are freed from income tax.

The fundamental anomaly in the Israeli economy is the relation subsisting between the price of a unit of labor-power (wage) at home, and the official price of the Israeli pound (rate of exchange) abroad. And the C of L allowance is a device which ensures that this anomaly is automatically perpetuated. During the three years 1949-1951 we kept the Israeli pound at par with the pound sterling (I£ = $2.80) and tried to reduce wage rates by artificially reducing the price level. Between April 1949 and July 1950, the official C of L index was forced down by administrative action from 371 to 317 points (1938-39 = 100) or by 14 per cent. Money wages over the same time period *rose* by between 6 per cent and 13 per cent. Hence *real wages* rose by no less than 24 per cent to 33 per cent. In September 1951, the base period for the new C of L index, the average wage stood at about I£ 90 monthly. (In the then flourishing black market for labor, skilled workers could easily make I£200 and more). The British worker earned about £30 monthly. The currencies of the two countries were at par. It follows that the Israeli worker could buy with his wages three times as much goods and services embodying the world's labor than could the less fortunate worker in Britain; and assuming, optimistically, that average productivity in Israel was 50 per cent of productivity in England (it is probably less), it means that goods and services embodying Israeli labor were *six times as dear* on the world's market as those embodying British labor. One does not have to be an economist to see the absurdity of this.

In 1952 we devalued the I£. But devaluation forced up the internal price level and provoked corresponding wage rises. By the end of 1952, the average monthly wage had reached I£ 150 (of which I£ 60 was C of L allowance). At the new rate of exchange, the Israeli worker now earned almost twice as much as the British worker, and we were almost back where we had started from. If we had managed to devalue the I£ while freezing wage rates at their former level, the economic situation today would be transformed. But the automatic C of L bonus maintained by Histadrut in the face of all reason prevents such a straightforward solution to our national economic problems. It is much easier to depend on another campaign in America in order to make up the economic losses which we ourselves insist upon inflicting on ourselves!

WE MIGHT look at our problem another way. Foreign exchange is, in terms of the Israeli economy's ability to earn it, far and away our *scarcest* resource. Yet until February 1952 we fixed a ridiculously low price for it and turned it thereby into our *cheapest* resource. At the same time labor-power, our most abundant productive factor —and it still is—was boosted as artificially, by monopolistic control of its supply, into the most *expensive* factor of production.

The results are written large over the national economy: wasteful consumption of imported goods and services made available at almost token prices to the populace—fuel and bread grains are good examples of this; a lopsided economy, in which a small, super-

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mechanized industry and agriculture exist side by side with a huge pool of new immigrant labor*; an ever mounting pressure on dwindling foreign exchange funds which could only be met fully, perhaps, by the resources of the American treasury; increasing forced idleness of up-to-date productive resources through lack of imported materials, which at existing costs *they* cannot earn by *their* own exports.

OBVIOUSLY, the inevitable result of a policy which makes money available domestically without any corresponding ability to earn is inflation. Originally the government tried to deal with this problem by price fixing and rationing. Nothing serious was done at the same time to lap up the excessive purchasing power called into being thereby. There ensued a battle of wits between the government and private speculators. Since the government in the economic field was quite outmatched by its opponents, the speculators won hands down. There were two fatal consequences: the national economy was undermined by the weakening of economic incentives to work and effort, and the moral foundations of society were undermined by the growth of black markets and the flouting of the law. The black market, which expanded into a gray market, became Israel's number-one industry, complete with its own production and smuggling base, with an intricate network of middlemen and its own special "lines of communication" leading from the countryside, harbors, and airports into the big towns, with autonomous channels of distribution, and even its own private protective personnel reminiscent of American bootlegging.

The New Economic Policy inaugurated by the government in mid-February 1952 has improved the situation. Inflation has momentarily been frozen and the new multiple exchange rates have introduced at least a pretense of reality. But the rigidities which the different interests have built into the economy, to make sure that they will protect themselves to the last penny whatever happens to the economy as a whole, have remained intact; we have not seen the measures which might force industry, labor, and agriculture to be more efficient. If it is true that the economic atmosphere has changed for the better, it is equally true that economies don't live on atmosphere alone but on the production of goods and services and their exchange with the products of other economies—and of that there is as yet preciously little. The final measuring rod of the fortunes of the Israeli economy remains its international balance of payments and this, as we have seen, has grown worse in 1952, exports covering only about 12 per cent of the visible trade balance in the first nine months of the year—an all-time record low even for the State of Israel. Israel probably stands unique in modern economic experience as a country which devalued its currency by practically two-thirds and as a result harvested a *drop* in the value of its exports. This is simply because its products are too scarce and too expensive.

In short, we do not yet have the economic conditions in which legitimate economic initiative, private, cooperative, and public, do not clash with but promote the common good, in which the economic virtues of thrift and effort are rewarded and the economic vices of waste, indolence, and incompetence penalized.

Some look for salvation to a government dominated by the right-wing parties. To my mind, this is no real solution. The Israeli government, in the realm of economic policy,

*Of course, compared with America, no one could claim that Israel is over-mechanized. But mechanization is a relative concept. When employers had to pay about one-third of a pound for an American dollar and three pounds for a day's work, it was inevitable that they should be driven to install the most modern mechanized labor-saving equipment everywhere in order to cut down on labor costs. But all capital equipment comes from abroad and has to be paid for in hard currency. We have the coexistence here of the most modern production facilities, for those who managed to get the foreign exchange, with a great supply of the most primitive hand labor, the latter of course employed by the state in its public-works schemes. The same outlay on capital equipment distributed more sanely, and more evenly throughout the economy, would have yielded much greater benefits.

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is like a plaything in the hands of powerful forces. The strongest pressure group of all is the Histadrut. There is no trade union movement anywhere in the world whose power position vis-à-vis the state is as strong as that of the Histadrut. And there can hardly be a modern trade union movement anywhere whose members' grasp of economic realities is as rudimentary as that of the Histadrut, particularly in its higher ranks.

THERE exists only one force which, when organized and made articulate, can cancel out the pressures, from labor and business, which prevent the government from adopting a sane economic policy. And that is the people and institutions who provide the government with 85 per cent of its annual imports. If American Jewry could summon the moral courage to assume the role not merely of paying the piper, but of calling the tune—or, at least, helping to set the key—they could exert the necessary influence upon the Israeli government to create such conditions in the economy as to make sure that the external financial aid is applied really to the basic constructive end of making Israel financially independent.

There will be vociferous protests against this proposal as amounting to treason and a deliberate attempt at the abrogation of Israeli sovereignty. And there will be embarrassment and hesitation on the part of American Jewry at "interference" in the "internal policies" of Israel. But as we have already pointed out, in its present state of complete economic dependence on the outside world, Israeli sovereignty, in any case, exists only in the most formal sense of the word. Moreover, the very possibility of open, direct, "foreign" intervention in the internal affairs of the state, and the criticism of their personal, political prestige which it implies, may well of itself suffice to prod Israel's rulers in the right direction.

BUT what, in very concrete terms, should American Jews ask Israelis to do, and what have they the right to ask them to do for the sake of Israel herself?

In the first place, before they can hope to request anything, they will have to make clear that they recognize the need to continue to make available financial aid on a large scale—understanding this to be a necessary, though not sufficient, condition for the attainment of a viable Israel in the future. *But* this dollar aid, they should now make it clear, should be used not to prop up the present unviable system, but in such a way that the Israeli economy becomes eventually *independent of further aid.*

To this end I visualize the establishment in Israel of a Grants Office to administer the funds contributed by American Jewry analogous to the already functioning Grants Office which administers the financial aid made available by the American government. It will enter into negotiations with the Israeli government concerning the release of moneys for mutually agreed purposes, the rate of exchange to be fixed for the goods and services brought to Israel thereunder, the administration and disposal of local counterpart funds, etc. As the Grants Office is responsible to the American State Department, so this Grants Office will be responsible to a council of Jewish communal leaders in America in whom will be vested the final right of approval of all proposed projects. I am too far removed from the American scene to discuss here with profit in detail how such a body should be set up. It obviously will have to be composed of leaders representative of and responsible to all important shades of American Jewish opinion. The Grants Office in Israel, in addition to its ordinary tasks, will act as economic advisor to the council in America. It should be manned in the main by competent professional economists, with a sprinkling of engineers and administrators, and its expenses in local currency will be a first charge on the counterpart funds realized from the sale of imported goods and services financed under its auspices.

It may not be altogether unreasonable to assume that, once the first shock has worn off, the Israeli government may actually find that the proposed arrangement will con-

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tribute to strengthening its own hand against the enormous sectional pressures to which it is exposed. On the other hand, American Jews will have to change their attitude towards Israel from one of aloof philanthropy to one of vital concern and constructive partnership.

American Jewry, by virtue of its immense material wealth, can no more escape the predicament of leadership of world Jewry, including Israel, than the American people as a whole, again because of its enormous material resources, can escape the burden of leadership in the Free World.

What if the Israeli government of the day won't play ball? Certainly no one will want to infringe on the formal sovereignty of the state. But if its elected representatives choose not to accept the conditions, then it would be better if they had to forgo enjoyment of those funds. But no one will want to make such a threat; nor will it, in my view, prove either advisable or necessary.

I BELIEVE—and I think competent economists will agree—that two measures on the governmental level will have to be sought from the Israeli government as the necessary and sufficient conditions for Israel's economic recuperation. They are truly balanced government budgets, capital as well as current, inclusive of exchange equalization funds, etc., and an exchange rate which will equate the real purchasing power of the Israeli pound with that of foreign currencies. The joint incidence of the two measures, in the form of a stable money supply (i.e., balanced budgets), plus a rising internal price level due to higher import prices (i.e., a realistic exchange rate), would sooner or later force Histadrut to jettison the highly cherished provision by which cost-of-living allowances for all wage earners are automatically linked to a representative official cost-of-living index, and will bring down our fantastically high labor costs. If the Histadrut chose to maintain the cost-of-living allowances, it would invite mass unemployment, which could gravely weaken or break its bargaining position altogether.

Today there are about 20,000 unemployed officially registered at the labor exchanges and it is estimated that total unemployment is much higher. The great majority of the people affected are new immigrants who have no savings or other resources to fall back on; since there is no unemployment benefit scheme in force in Israel, the plight of these unemployed is a serious and very real one. While Histadrut is shedding crocodile tears commiserating with them, it loudly disclaims any responsibility for the situation. And yet any economics student in his first year at college could explain that if you keep the supply of money virtually constant, as we have done for the past year, while boosting wages by 60 to 70 per cent or more, then sooner or later you must force people out of work, because whatever the velocity of circulation, there just is not enough money to pay *all* the workers at the inflated wages. By abolishing the C of L bonus, or using the moneys accruing under it in excess of, say, I£50 to I£60 per worker for the financing of productive investments, the government could change the situation.

In the same way producers, faced with dwindling effective demand at home, will be up against the choice of export or bust, and for their part will be forced to abandon the "cost plus" mechanism. Moreover, by radically changing the methods of allocation, as a natural corollary to the introduction of a realistic exchange rate, producers will have to export to prevent starving their plants of their imported raw materials. Only in this way can we achieve the economic preconditions for competitive exports of goods and services embodying Israeli labor on the world's markets. Finally, severe dis-inflation at home, plus the growing pull of the world market, will rectify the fantastically distorted distribution of economic resources caused by a protracted period of inflation when we were getting mass immigration.

And so, with arduous toil, by the sweat of our brows, at perilously low living standards, and by real ingenuity in economic policy-making and social engineering, Israel will start on the path to economic viability.

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LITERATURE AND THE "SPIRITUAL CRISIS"

Must the Creative Artist Have Religion?

NORMAN PODHORETZ

Let not your prophets and your diviners that be in the midst of you deceive you. . . . For they prophesy falsely unto you in My name: I have not sent them, saith the Lord (Jeremiah 29:8-9).

THIRTY years ago, in an essay which sought to account for certain peculiar qualities in metaphysical poetry, T. S. Eliot suggested that a "dissociation of sensibility" took place in the 17th century as the result of the breakup of the medieval world and the growing influence of the new physics. In the course of time, and by a process in which Eliot himself has cooperated, this idea has made otherwise intelligent people believe that what happens to theology in a given period will directly affect what happens to poetry.

Ours is an age, we are told, of "cultural crisis," a time of "general uncertainty," when "traditions and conventions no longer sustain [the artist]—no longer offer him, that is, frameworks and systems of order and unity which the majority of his readers accept and understand." The modern poet is therefore searching "desperately" for a "unified world view" that can only be restored by systematic theologians. Poetry, in other words, is, as it "has always been, the handmaiden of religion." It follows that those who are interested in the fate of literature must be the natural allies of the apostles of religion; *Partisan Review*—if it but knew—is on the same side of the barricades as the Union Theological Seminary, for both must fight a common enemy. What is that "enemy"? Liberalism, Rationalism, Science, Industrialism, the "Mob Civilization," the "Dissociation of Sensibility"—the devil's disguises are manifold.

I have taken the foregoing argument and quotations from Stanley Romaine Hopper's preface to *Spiritual Problems in Contemporary Literature*, a collection of "essays and addresses" of which Professor Hopper is the editor. One could hardly find a better example than this symposium of how some of Eliot's suggestive ideas have been hardened into dogma. The book is divided into three parts, "Religion and the Artist's Situation," "Religion and the Artist's Means," and "Religion and the Artist's Beliefs," each section neatly subdivided into six chapters, giving us a total of eighteen specialists seeking new answers to old problems, or applying old answers to new problems. The questions discussed are nearly all general ones. What is the relation of the "literary artist" to the other arts, to philosophy, sociology, theology, psychology, anthropology? How do tradition, religion, convention, mysticism, myth, and linguistics affect the writing of novels, poems, and plays? And, finally, how far have Judaism, Roman Catholicism, and Protestantism influenced American, English, French, and German writers in our time?

There is something depressing—to one interested in literature, at any rate—in a book almost entirely devoted to the larger cultural conditions surrounding the production of works of art, and so little interested in par-

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IN THE recent publication of a 298-page symposium entitled *Spiritual Problems in Contemporary Literature* (Harper, $3.00), NORMAN PODHORETZ finds occasion to examine our growing tendency to regard religion or a religious context as a *sine qua non* for literature, and he tries here to recall to us what he believes to be the true functions of literature and literary criticism. Mr. Podhoretz, who studied at the Jewish Theological Seminary and Columbia University, is a young American writer. His last two years were spent at Cambridge University studying for his doctorate.

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ticular novels, poems, or plays. The reader of literature is likely to feel that the real business of criticism is being slighted, that essays like these are so much beating around the bush, all in the nature of a long training period for a job that nobody ever gets around to doing. But if the appeal of the book is not—despite the presence of several well-known critics—as literary criticism, what is its purpose?

ACCORDING to Professor Hopper, though the artist and the ambiguous person he calls the "religionist" nowadays occupy more or less the same ground, neither of them is sufficiently aware of what the other is doing. These studies, then, are aimed at rectifying an unhealthy state of mutual ignorance. If the theologian turns his back on the best contemporary imaginative work, he misses out on "the richest mine of confessional experience and spiritual exploration . . . available since the Renaissance," a mine filled, as Professor Hopper tells us elsewhere, with gilt-edged testimonials to the fact that man cannot do without God; for the artist, on the other hand, a familiarity with theology is necessary to organize his "legitimate but uninformed fumbling after solutions to problems of the spirit." (It is remarkable how this attitude to the poets—in which three other contributors to the symposium concur with Professor Hopper—echoes the traditional feeling of the Catholic Church towards mystics. In one sense, the mystic must always make the priest uneasy, since he may turn out to be an agent of revelation; but even if he is declared authentic, the Church will not recognize his competence to interpret his own vision: this can only be done by theologians.)

Professor Hopper looks forward to a time when theologians will be learning about man's experience from the poets, while repaying their less systematic but more imaginative fellow-travelers with a well-ordered framework of belief—a new "unified world view"—that will serve them as (we are led to suppose) Thomas Aquinas served Dante. Until the new "unified world view" is developed, the poet must remain in what Professor Hopper labels the *Purgatorio* period.

Professor Hopper's grim concept of this *Purgatorio* period is repeated so many times in one form or another by so many of the contributors, that the reader would be in some danger of believing that the day of trial is immediately at hand, if it were not that the dreadful picture is also rather boring: these writers, at any rate, have not yet begun to learn from the poets. With three or four exceptions, they share a pervading sense of crisis, of "problems" to be solved, of apocalyptic catastrophes that will descend upon us if they are not faced boldly and soon. "Chaos," "spiritual gloom," "moral vacuum," "spiritual enervation," "age of anxiety," alienation, isolation, dilemma, disease, corruption—phrases and images like these weigh on the minds and the prose of most of the contributors like a mass of lead. In short, this book makes one think of Dostoevsky's Shigalov, who "looked as though he were expecting the destruction of the world, and not at some indefinite time in accordance with prophecies which might never be fulfilled, but quite definitely, as though it were to be the day after tomorrow at twenty-five past ten."

The sociologist Albert Salomon, for example, tells us that "in this particular moment of history, we are dominated by two conceptions of man which have reached an almost critical state of competition," and when we wade through the unreadable jargon of his essay to find out what are "the foremost symbolizations of the conflict" which "rages" at the "very heart of modernity," all we get for our pains is a distinction between man as socially determined and man as universal and eternal. Irwin Edman discusses the "warfare" between literature and philosophy; Horace Gregory and Theodore Spencer describe the "loss of values" without which man cannot live; William Barrett recommends Existentialism because it is the only philosophy which acknowledges crisis as the permanent law of human life; George R. Kernodle lists the disastrous consequences of the belief that man and nature are enemies.

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There is much speculation in the large about human destiny: History, Western Culture, Feudalism, Modernity, Realms of Being, and whole Epochs stroll in and out of the pages of this book as easily as intimate friends of the family who may pop in at any time without even knocking.

THE first thing to be said is that whether or not our time is a time of crisis, it is utter nonsense that "basic conventions" of belief or literary practice are absent from our culture.

A basic convention is a way of doing things, a national habit, and—as the late Professor Spencer points out in one of the rare moments of lucidity in these pages—the healthier a culture is, the more unconscious its styles of living will be. All conventions, moreover, are at once the reflection and the embodiment of beliefs. For instance, gathering together people of various sects and interests to collaborate in a symposium like *Spiritual Problems in Contemporary Literature* is a unique American convention reflecting the belief that free discussion is a better way of coping with differences of opinion than burning "heretics" at the stake. No society could exist for five minutes without such conventions, traditions, and universally accepted beliefs; they are responsible for our ability to live without tearing at one another's throats, to talk intelligibly to our friends, to write books, do business, make love. What prevents us from being conscious of a world view in Professor Hopper's sense is that we are *living* it, and the real uniformities that unite us are of far less concern to *us* than they will be to some future historian attempting to understand our age.

These considerations also illuminate what is wrong with the second important assumption that lies behind the enterprise of the book, and is explicitly affirmed by many of the contributors—the notion that "poetry is the handmaiden of religion." Here we have a good illustration of how an idea which is valuable when applied with flexibility can be ruined when it becomes a rigid dogma. Cleanth Brooks, for instance, begins his contribution to Professor Hopper's collection by declaring that poetry is not religion and ends it by agreeing with T. E. Hulme's doctrine that poetry is in a "dependent relation" to theology and dogma. Other contributors seem to cherish secretly the equally absurd idea once expounded by Santayana that religion may be the "handmaiden" of poetry—as if our supposed need for religion arises out of our need for good poetry. In this way poetry becomes a substitute for religion, and religion—as we have seen in some of the expressions of religiosity in our literary magazines—a substitute for poetry. Few of these writers seem ready to concede that poetry and theology may be separate expressions of what is happening in a culture, each responding in its own terms to new events, new developments in politics, philosophy, economics, sociology, and science—in other words that neither poetry nor religion creates a culture, but that both exist *in* a culture.

Finally, to complete the catalogue of errors making up the postulates of the symposium, there is the view that men of letters and theologians are "natural allies" in the struggle against philistinism, rationalism, and the like. Without being cynical, one might say that it is in the theologian's interest to make much-ado over the so-called spiritual void of our time, and cry out fervently —though the fervor is often stifled by impossibly Germanic English—"Return!" And it is further in their interest to set themselves against the diversity and unprecedented variety of our culture. But just because Reinhold Niebuhr, Lionel Trilling, and Hans J. Morgenthau are all in one sense or another "anti-rationalists," this does not mean they are on the same "side" or that any one of them would be better off for reconciling himself with the others. Behind all this complaint about the loss of a well-ordered, universally accepted "world view," there can be detected a hatred of nuance, a radical fear of complexity, in the long run a refusal to face up to the difficulties and uncertainties of that very "human situation" which these new orthodoxies have emblazoned on their banners.

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SEVERAL of the contributors to *Spiritual Problems in Contemporary Literature* give accounts of the "spiritual void" left by the decline of religion in the 19th century, but the many different arguments can, I think, be fairly reduced to a single observation: in the past thirty years there has been a recoil from some of the hasty conclusions about the universe drawn by poets and novelists at the end of the last century. Essentially, the symposium is an attempt to enlarge on this truism, to see what conclusions can be drawn from it and what predictions can be made. Three questions, then, to which many of the contributors offer more or less affirmative answers, must be examined. Does contemporary literature in its concern with themes like isolation, anxiety, etc., and in its use of myth, manifest a hunger for religion? Second, do the conversions of Eliot, Auden, Tate, and others, to some form of Christianity indicate a representative trend in America and England? Finally, do the religious beliefs of these writers have anything to do with the value of their work?

The evidence supporting the popular idea that contemporary literature testifies to a hunger for religion is of the most hodgepodge character. Professor Hopper tells us that "moral isolation, having wandered far, concedes that it is lost, comes to itself, and remembers its Father." This conclusion is derived from Thomas Wolfe's talk about self-realization. Mr. Kernodle and others point to Saroyan, Maxwell Anderson, and Paul Vincent Carroll as significant figures in the movement away from the "cold world of materialism" which (it is thought) was our main heritage from the 19th century; can such writers as these sustain the notion of a deep-seated religious "hunger"? No less than three different contributors mention Aldous Huxley's lovers sweating quietly palm to palm as embodiments of the mood of despair that is supposed to have prevailed in the 1920's. The feeling that the world had been emptied and reduced to a wasteland is also fussed over a great deal; no one mentions Eliot's own remark on this matter: "I may have expressed for them their own illusion of being disillusioned, but that did not form part of my intention."

In any case, the whole discussion is inevitably lost in the large generalizations about traditionalism, romanticism, naturalism, symbolism, myth, etc., which constitute the ideological stock in trade of those who have contributed to this volume. In reality, we do not experience "literature," we respond to particular writers, and what one misses in this symposium is just the sense that anyone is in fact responding. Those poets who have been genuinely and deeply concerned with religion—Yeats, Eliot, Auden—each present a different problem for criticism; we do not read religion, we read Yeats or Eliot, and it is more important and far more difficult to discriminate between them than to lump their poetry together, throwing in for good measure such diverse writers as Joyce, Lawrence, Mann, and Kafka. The main impression one gains from *Spiritual Problems* is not that modern literature is yearning for God, but that American theologians are now playing the time-honored game of their French counterparts who (Wallace Fowlie here informs us) have always made it a practice to find in the work of anti-Catholic writers "proofs" of a "nostalgia for the Christian life."

IS THERE in fact a return to religion taking place in America and England? This is of course impossible to determine with certainty. Such literary evidence as we have is slight and inconclusive. The predilection of modern writers for myth (a circumstance made much of in this book) provides no reason whatever for supposing that they are all preparing to go the way of Eliot and Auden, or of Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene. This overstrained myth-mongering tendency, like much literary flutter over the alienation of modern man, can at the most be interpreted as a natural eagerness to exploit machinery which served Joyce, Yeats, and Eliot well, and at the same time as a yearning for the by-products of faith rather than for faith itself. For many authors, religion offers not so much a way of salvation as a means of

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writing. It is perhaps because they sense this that the publicists of religion have been so quick to emphasize their readiness to provide unified world views, new powers of perception, and the promise of self-realization, while keeping God and faith—not to mention the obligation to go to church on Sunday or fast on Yom Kippur—discreetly hidden in the wings, waiting, no doubt, for the proper moment.

To me, at least, it seems enormously significant that the most crucial of all questions to religion—whether God exists—is never once touched on in this book. Judah Goldin, discussing Judaism in modern literature, and Amos Niven Wilder, examining the "Protestant orientation in contemporary poetry," believe that the reluctance of poets and novelists to return to the faiths of their fathers is partly the fault of the clergy. Churchmen have failed to represent their religions as rich and vigorous interpretations of reality. But it does not seem to occur to Dr. Goldin or Professor Wilder or, for that matter, anyone else in this symposium, that the poets' reluctance may be due simply to a conviction that there is no God, or that if there be, he isn't the sort of God worshipped by any of the traditional religions. Religion is much spoken of as a "need." What if it be a need that the universe does not offer to satisfy?

Jewish writers, Dr. Goldin observes, realize that they must come to terms with the Jew in them, but, having been disillusioned by political ideologies, they are wary of committing themselves to any other creed smacking of ideological rigidity. Give them a creed which widens their sense of reality instead of constricting it, and they will return. But if Jewish writers now understand that they must come to terms with the Jew in them—a fact that certainly may testify to a new maturity—why must it have anything to do with Judaism as a *faith* or a way of life, or with the superior or inferior cogency of Judaism as compared with other systems? Similarly, if there are Protestant poets who, according to Professor Wilder's diagnosis, want no part of an ascetic Christianity which denies the sensual world they love, are they going to become converts to a more "attractive" Christianity? Is not faith the pre-condition of conversion? And must not the convert, especially if he is an intellectual, be concerned first with the hard problems of grace, salvation, damnation, and only secondarily with the state of the church?

One further point is relevant here. Several times in these essays it is stated or implied that 20th-century science and philosophy have been revealed as entirely compatible with the three major religions, and that this fact along with others (e.g., the unmasking of Communism) has removed the great obstacles that once kept the poets from returning to the faiths they have been yearning for. This is a dangerous half-truth, no less damaging to the cause of theology than to religion; to take only one example, the thought of Freud (as Irving Kristol demonstrated several years ago in COMMENTARY) cannot be honestly reconciled with belief in God. If it is true that religion has recovered from every blow dealt it by science from Galileo to Freud, it has done so only at the cost of important concessions. If one asks in what sense religious revelation, dogma, and ritual are now held to be truth, one finds that in most areas the religious conception of truth has been widened so considerably as to reduce it almost to metaphor. This loss of confidence in the literalness of religious doctrine may account not only for the decline of religious belief, but also for the hollow, unsubstantial, abstract quality of nearly all contemporary religious verse, including some of Eliot's.

As FOR the last question raised by the symposium, the belief that Eliot, for instance, is a better poet either for being familiar with theological developments or for being a Christian, seems to me characteristic of the innocence one has come to expect from theologians talking about literature. To be sure, he is a different poet—any poet, it goes without saying, works with the furniture of his own mind and experience—but that is all we can say without going into concrete detail, and it is nothing to say. I should like to sug-

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gest, however, that Eliot's religious verse is great not by virtue of his acceptance of religious dogmas, but because the tension he experiences between the man of faith and the skeptic is fully realized in the poetry, and further, that the emotions of the skeptic are better realized than the affirmations of the Christian (which are sometimes just showily clever paradoxes). But for those who see poetry as the "handmaiden" of religion, the state of doubt can be conceived only as a step towards faith, and the poet's work will tend to improve as it moves towards greater religious certainty. Thus Professor Hopper, in his essay "The Problem of Moral Isolation in Contemporary Literature," assures us that Auden's later verse is better theology than Eliot's: ". . . though Eliot is the more ethically orthodox, it is Auden who knows what it means, who gives to the dogma its existentialist content." Professor Wilder, a more temperate critic, also commits himself to the position that "The movement of W. H. Auden's work toward an explicit Christian statement may be taken as significant for the direction if not the goal of much of the wrestling with the modern situation."

It may well be that Auden is a better theologian than Eliot, but it is important for anyone concerned with literature, rather than with statements in the large about spiritual movements, to assert that the "existentialist content" of a man's struggle with dogma is realized in Eliot's *Four Quartets* and is not in Auden's *For the Time Being*. For many readers, that which in Professor Hopper's view makes Eliot a lesser theologian than Auden—i.e., his "positive reluctance to take more than a backward half-look at the Mystery"—is precisely what makes him the better poet. *Murder in the Cathedral* and *Four Quartets* achieve in their best moments a delicate equilibrium between doubt and faith, the profound experience of evil and the reaching after the good, while there is seldom the kind of pushing for a resolution (typical of much theology) that makes the doubt and the evil less powerful than the Mystery. This vision of life in the round, with the evil and the suffering never explained *away* by the love and the joy, has been given to fewer theologians than poets; which may not be an accident. In contrast with Eliot, Auden's later verse, perhaps just because he so confidently "knows what it means," is too often distinguished by a facile juggling of metaphysical paradoxes never translated into experience.

I DO not wish to say that there are no commendable pieces in this book. It is the enterprise itself that is of dubious value, encouraging second-hand critical judgments and a thoroughly servile acquiescence in ideas and attitudes that have outgrown their usefulness. The virtue of some of the better contributions is precisely to cast radical doubt on the wisdom of the symposium and to make nonsense of its main assumptions. David Daiches' remark that "We need neither new knowledge nor new faith, but rather the ability to handle what we have" is the best answer to those who think that to systematize our world view or get ourselves a bright and shiny set of new beliefs is our only hope of salvation. Great poetry, Mr. Daiches points out, derives from the reactions of a sensitive and articulate man to his experience of social and cultural realities, and our civilization is not so thin that it provides no possibilities for such experience. Delmore Schwartz, whose piece supplies the only note of relaxation and humor in this litany of keening critics, advises the poet to be like the Jew, indestructible despite persecution; and this, after all, may be the only valuable comment to make on the Problem of Poetry in Our Time. And Denis de Rougemont, the Swiss philosopher, registers a legitimate protest against the type of overconsciousness which is the curse of this symposium, while astutely reminding us that to speak of the Artist's Mission is at once to misunderstand art and to vulgarize it.

But perhaps the most salient criticism of the heralds of cultural doom is in the quotation from Job with which Mr. Daiches closes his essay: "Who is this that darkeneth counsel with words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man."

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THE VIENNA OF THE DEPARTED

The Tale the Old Cemetery Tells

ROBERT PICK

MY FRIEND G. had been waiting for me at the station. He had taken me to my hotel, and now we sat in the small hotel restaurant. We had not talked much in that first hour. There was too much to talk about.

We had both been silent for quite some time when G. asked: "I suppose you'll want to go out to the cemetery one of these days?"

"I suppose so," I said, somewhat startled. I did not know yet that returnees to Vienna, whether *Remigranten* or tourists like myself—but how can you possibly be a "tourist" in your own home town?—follow a curiously uniform pattern of behavior in the days immediately after their arrival. This was my first return to Vienna since I had fled the place in 1938 amid the exultant howls of a Nazi mob.

It was May. On the ride from the railroad station I had seen the lilac bushes in the great courtyard of the imperial palace in full bloom. But it was unseasonably cold and windy.

It was a couple of days later that I found myself, once again, riding—as Viennese parlance has it—"out" to the cemetery.

The street out to Vienna's Central Cemetery is an exceptionally bleak one—even when compared to other streets to other suburban cemeteries in other cities. The oft-sung hills overlooking the town are lost to the eye on this eastbound ride. Only an occasional semi-rural early 19th-century house, with a patch of green or a tree in its backyard, tells you that you are not on the upper reaches of Second Avenue in a New York well-nigh emptied of traffic. The road seems to go on forever.

VIENNA'S vast necropolis lies east, less than a two hours' drive from the Hungarian frontier. It was built about a hundred years ago by a remarkably hygiene-minded municipal administration. The city's growth had enclosed its older, and smaller, graveyards, and the plan was to let them gradually fall into disuse by "centralizing" all Vienna's burying grounds on its outskirts. Hence the name of the new cemetery, the Zentralfriedhof.

Its opening roughly coincided with the granting of civic equality to Austrian Jews. Only a limited number of them had been allowed to settle in Vienna before 1849, and the *Familianten* law, which subjected their marriages to a special licensing system, had curtailed their natural increase. This was why there had been no need for large Jewish graveyards in pre-1849 Vienna.

While not a few Christian families continued to bury their dead in one or another

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NEGOTIATIONS for Austrian restitution to the victims of Nazi persecutions are now under way, and this account of a native son's return to the ruins of the once proud Jewish community of Vienna underlines the tragedy involved. ROBERT PICK finds the real memento of the Viennese Jewish past in the Jewish cemetery; it tells the story of how the Jews of Vienna fared under emancipation—and how they contributed to the European culture that had opened its doors to them—more eloquently, and pathetically, than words could. Mr. Pick, no stranger to these pages, was born in Vienna in 1898, served as an officer in the Austro-Hungarian army in the First World War, and came to this country by way of England in 1940. Though he had already made his mark as an author in German, he began writing in English in 1942, and since then has published two novels in that language, with a third one, on Socrates, scheduled for early appearance under the imprint of Knopf. Mr. Pick is also a regular contributor to the *Saturday Review* and to other magazines.

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of the old cemeteries even after the opening of the new one, nearly all of Vienna's past three generations of Jews have been laid to rest in the Zentralfriedhof. It was very much present in the lore of the Vienna Jews. It was the one place common to them all.

Originally, the Jewish graves occupied only the westernmost part of the cemetery, which was laid out fanwise. When they grew too crowded, around the turn of the century, the Jewish community acquired more land to the east of the huge Catholic "Section." No wall separates the graves of the Catholics from the Jewish tombs on either eastern or western side. At one place Christian and Jewish visitors used to enter the grounds through the same gateway.

Since the Viennese used to take their departed ones from the family home directly to the graveyard, and encounters of Catholic and Jewish funeral processions might have embarrassed either in those days of slow-moving vehicles, Jews were buried in the morning hours, and Christians in the afternoon.

That peculiar custom came back to my mind, among many others, as the trolley rattled along past grimy tenements, factories, junkyards filled with scrap iron, fenced-in lots, and the stone-carvers' places. A good number of buildings still bore battle scars from 1945. This was the road along which the Red Army had entered the city.

I knew of the damage done to the Zentralfriedhof and its environs during the fighting. Also, rumors about defiled Jewish graveyards had kept coming out of Nazi Europe up to the end of the war. And though reliable reports had reassured me later on that score, the images those ghastly rumors had evoked so often in the past must have still been with me. Which probably accounted for the relief I felt when I got off the trolley in front of the "First Portal" that led to the cemetery's older "Israelite Section."

No damage could be seen from the outside, or any more numerous signs of neglect than elsewhere in Vienna. The night's rain had washed the graveled driveway clean. True, the place looked far more deserted than I had remembered; a lone ramshackle taxicab stood in the large, semi-circular area left by the gradual recess of the high brick wall. But, as in the old days, flower venders had put up their stalls close to the open gate, undeterred by the poor prospects of business. I was the only person to get off the trolley.

APPARENTLY the two weeks I had already been in Europe had inured me to the sight of ruins: I distinctly remember that the burnt-out chapel which greeted me as soon as I walked through the gate did not really give me a shock. I had not forgotten the pogrom days of 1938, when this chapel had been put to the torch; and someone had told me it had not been rebuilt. Whether or not I had expected the ruins to be cleared away by now and the site to be covered with lawn, as most such places are in Vienna, I cannot say. For a moment I wondered whether the Jewish community had not left the half-charred walls standing there, together with the debris around them, as a grisly memento. But that was the thought of a stranger to postwar Europe.

That untouched ruined chapel began to seem a less inappropriate landmark once I had turned into the tree-lined main avenue of the cemetery. An immense stillness, emphasized by a sudden calming of the wind, lay over the place. Not a single other visitor was in sight. (Nor, for that matter, did I see one during my whole visit.)

After a while I overtook a horse-drawn cart. Its driver, walking by the side of his shaggy animal, had stopped the cart in the middle of the road, and two elderly women with him were picking up fallen twigs from the ground. Only now and then did they step up to the tombs to remove some dead wood.

That avenue used to be something like the hall of fame of Vienna's Jewry. In a melancholy way, it still is. In view of the relatively brief span of time during which Jews lived in Vienna free to multiply as they pleased, the fullness and variety of achievements which the headstones on that

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main avenue bear witness to has no equal in Jewish history since the Spanish period. Many hundreds of scholars, scientists, distinguished government servants, jurists, physicians of world fame, and writers lie entombed there—and along with them, most of the bankers and businessmen whose accomplishments contributed so much to the Hapsburg Empire's belated industrial revolution.

In imitation of the rich Gentiles of Vienna, the families of these businessmen had put up impressive mausoleums. Today those monuments are just as weather-worn, the grass about them just as much run to seed, and their eulogistic inscriptions just as faded, as in the case of the more modest tombs that they overtower. In fact, the air of desolation that hovers over the unostentatious stonework of the smaller plots seems less intense.

But the cemetery has not yet succumbed to the jungle. Its lanes are kept clean of rubbish; its trees are in fairly good shape; direction signs have been repainted. And on the morning of my visit one out of every three hundred plots—at a guess—looked as though it had been tended to recently, with masonry and low surrounding grill (the fashion during a certain period) in repair, shrubbery trimmed, and flowers replanted. But these interspersed signs of care only served to heighten the general atmosphere of decay—as a single newly decorated and lived-in room would in a condemned building.

One well-tended grave in particular has stuck in my mind. The flower bed in front of its "modernistic" monument must have been weeded only the day before, so neatly did the floral pattern present itself that morning. Squarely across it lay, broken in two, one of the sandstone columns from the adjoining plot's small Grecian temple, which evidently had collapsed in the past night's rainstorm, leaving its entablature precariously balanced on the architraves of three remaining pillars. Beyond this wreckage, row on row of single graves could be seen through the mist, some of their darkened headstones tipped over at grotesque angles, so that they could barely be discerned over the tall grass. Set off against that vista and the monotonous hue of the foliage in the background, this one freshly tended tomb suggested a speck of color pasted on a black and white photograph.

Not until I reached the lane leading to my own family's plot did I see a battle-damaged grave. Their number is comparatively small in the older "Section." Some of them have been filled in again or boarded over. Others still yawn wide open, and their contents have been carted off. Not so the shell-torn monuments: they lie scattered about in pieces in some places; in others, the fragments of masonry have been piled up by the side of the shell holes.

A mound of crumbled stonework lay close to my family's burial plot. As I stood in front of it at last, I kept my eyes glued to the monument's discolored inscriptions, well though I recalled their words. Perhaps I was trying not to let my glance wander over to the defaced plot "next door" and into its emptied vault.

One of the six large bronze rings on the horizontally set slab covering my family plot had loosened. I tried to screw it back into the stone, but did not succeed.

Atop the plot's low front parapet, a large pebble lay. Someone, no doubt, had put it there, in accordance with old Jewish custom, some time during the fourteen years of my absence. Not for the life of me could I think of anyone likely to have stopped in front of this tomb at any time in those years. And with that reflection, the overpowering remoteness of this whole graveyard from those it "belonged to" was borne in on me again, and the indelible conviction of its forlornness.

Quite a few Jews took up residence again in Vienna after the war—though they are far fewer than the number of Jewish transients in the city might lead one to assume. Actual Jewish returnees, the *Remigranten,* are all elderly, or aged, men and women. Not one of the young Jews I met in

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Vienna intended to make his permanent home there.

Not all of the looked-after cemetery plots belong to families with members now living in Vienna. Many now settled in other countries have made arrangements with the official Jewish community to have their plots or relatives' graves taken care of. A service agency has been set up for that purpose; and the quality of work done by its stonemasons and gardeners is not lessened by the fact that there is small likelihood of the result ever being inspected by the far-off people who commissioned it.

But what about the tens of thousands of untended plots? How many of them were acquired "in perpetuity" by Vienna-born Jews now living elsewhere? How many of them, on the other hand, hold the remains of people whose descendants were killed, to the last man, woman, or child, by the Nazis?

You feel, standing in the Jewish part of the Vienna cemetery, that even the well-kept graves are not likely to stay that way for long. The actual evidence may be against such a foreboding, but this does not make you feel any the less that the place will be swallowed by the wilderness one day.

What will be done about this Jewish cemetery? It covers a large area. What will happen when no Jews are left in Vienna?

Jews—more than most people perhaps—hate the idea of having the bones of their forebears dug up. When expelled from a place in the Middle Ages, they would secure —as a rule by paying a large sum—a promise that their burying grounds would remain untouched after their departure. A tiny graveyard that owes its survival to such a deal can be seen to this day in a western suburb of Vienna. When another of Vienna's old cemeteries was plowed under late in the recent war, the wretchedly shrunken Jewish community managed to get hold of the coffins of some Sephardic notables who had been buried there in the 18th century, and re-inter them in the Zentralfriedhof. That was at a time when the ashes of literally uncounted Jews were being shoveled out of Hitler's crematories on a 24-hour schedule—and the handful of Jews left in Vienna could no longer doubt the imminence of their own end.

VISITING your family graveyard gives you a peculiar sense of succession and continuity. Also, no matter how deeply you may relive, or consciously try to relive, the grief of an earlier day, you soon succumb to the comforting atavistic notion that you've done well by your dead by visiting "them." In short, you yield to the subconscious wish to cheat the thought of death—or finality—of its chill. That, whether moralists like it or not, is normal.

Now I knew that mine was not a "normal" cemetery visit. I had known that ever since, having decided to revisit my native city, I had envisaged this pilgrimage. I had known I would be walking through the graveyard of the community that had bred and to a great extent formed me. Yet the images of its mortal agony failed to stay the onrush of my pre-1938 recollections, and did not keep me from musing on Vienna Jewry's past glories and wondering what in its achievements was likely to endure. It was only as I left my family's plot that the pictured sufferings of Vienna's post-1938 Jews took complete possession of my mind.

True, I had already been stopped here and there by a post-1938 date on some monument. Half against my will, I had visualized a cortège of Jewish mourners taking a coffin to its grave in Nazi Vienna—hollow-eyed men and women in mortal fear of the Gestapo informers who were known to lie in ambush on such occasions. However, I had come upon few post-1938 inscriptions. Or rather, I did not notice the most pathetic of them until I was on my way out. Out of habit I must have glanced only at the inscriptions on the slabs attached to the monuments. Now I noticed tablets—small, sometimes oddly longish, new memorial tablets—that were not fixed to the slabs, but fastened elsewhere to the stonework, or merely propped against the base of a monument. This indicated that the dead whose names

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they display were not actually buried there.

They read typically: "N.N., born in Vienna [a date followed], died in [such-and-such concentration camp]." In some cases the year of death was given—but never the exact day. Some tablets gave no place of death at all, merely: ". . . *gestorben im KZ.*" *"Gestorben,"* it would say, "... died," not "killed."

I saw one such tablet with seven names on it. I saw a tablet that bore the names of two children, one of whom had died in his eighth year, the other in his twelfth, both *"im KZ."* I saw the tomb of a family two of whose members, according to the inscription, had been killed in action in the 1914 war; and propped against the base of its monument was a tablet showing three of that family's women *"gestorben im KZ."*

Another such memorial tablet is inscribed with the name of a post-1918 financier much talked about in his day. It can be glimpsed through the high grillwork of the mausoleum that he built in the 1920's, in privileged proximity to the chapel. The mausoleum stands between two neo-Gothic structures housing the dead of two titled families of industrialists and philanthropists whose renown dates back to the 1850's.

There are only two other monuments in this chapel area: one of them above the grave of Dr. Chajes, Vienna's last great Chief Rabbi. The other, a plain monolith of dark marble, marks the resting place of Arthur Schnitzler, that most passionate of all the Jewish lovers of Vienna.

The whole of the modern history of Viennese Jewry is reflected in these five plots and in the obscene ruin in their midst. And so are that Jewry's illusions.

MY VISIT was over. For a while I lingered near the little chapel area. I seemed to recall the beauty of its lawn in the old days. Weeds flourished on it now—but it did not seem to matter.

A middle-aged woman stood on a heap of rubble, oddly motionless; she was peering into the debris-strewn recesses of the gutted chapel. Two workmen sat on the steps of a tool shed I had not noticed before, eating their midday meal out of paper bags. A drizzle was coming down.

I turned up the collar of my coat and walked out through the gate, rather hastily. For a trolley had just stopped outside, ready to take me back to the heart of Vienna.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

MY DEBUT WITH MADAME VISHNAK

An Engagement in the Catskills

MORRIS FREEDMAN

ONE of my mother's idols when I was about fifteen was a refugee European actress named Shulamith Vishnak. My mother had met Madame Vishnak in our neighborhood park in the Bronx, and for a time our family's otherwise drab lives revolved around her. Then Madame Vishnak moved to an apartment on the upper stretches of Central Park West, and after a while we lost touch with her. My mother, freed from the bonds of reality, speculated extravagantly about the glorious theatrical exploits she was sure Madame Vishnak was engaged in. As it turned out, the next summer we were lucky enough to see Madame Vishnak in action, and I was actually able to join her briefly in a stage production.

We were staying at a rooming house on a farm in the Catskills, my mother, my young brother, and myself. My father visited us on weekends. The establishment was a *kochalein*, a place where the guests cooked their own meals. During the day you could go berry-picking, or for a walk to the distant village, or swimming in the narrow river on the property, or down to the dirty barn to look at the cows. Evenings, you either played cards or checkers in the huge common kitchen, or smuggled yourself into a "casino" belonging to one of the hotels in the area. The casino was usually a separate building made up of one room; at one end of it was a stage, on which a small band could sit, and on which the talent performed. Between dance numbers, the entertainers, mostly members of the hotel staff, delivered long smart-alecky monologues or put on short skits, all of which were bawdy. Irregularly, traveling troupes supplemented this monotonous fare.

THE three or four veteran actors in these companies would spend the early part of a day canvassing an area for the following week's appearances. In the late afternoon they would hurry back to the distant hotel or *kochalein* where this week's performances were being held. I remember one dignified and gracious woman who was dropped off by a car at our farm one morning around 9:30, after most of the families had had their breakfast. She wore a long, full skirt, intended, I guess, to give her an appropriate theatrical air. She first came into the commissary, a tiny room with a counter over which the farmer sold provisions to the roomers, and there she nailed a poster to the wall. She carried the hammer, nails, posters, and other supplies in a large leather bag of the size my mother generally used for shopping in the city. In English and Yiddish the poster announced, in print, that the "Famous Bialystoker Company" would appear for a short stand by popular demand. In black crayon was added the name of our place, "The Minnetonka Valley Pine View Farm," then "In Central Kitchen," and the date and time.

The actress offered her tickets to the women who had by then assembled. "They

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MORRIS FREEDMAN introduced Madame Vishnak to us in the April 1953 COMMENTARY ("Madame Vishnak and the Victrola"). Here that lady appears once more, still embodying in her every gesture the idea of culture—and her young admirer finds himself still intoxicated. Mr. Freedman is a member of the English department at the City College of New York.

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are only one dollar, women," she said in a throaty Yiddish, "and all the seats are the best." As the women slowly dispersed, she followed them around, approaching each one separately. When my mother objected that a dollar was too much, she said pleasantly, "*Nu*, so how much? A half-dollar is all right?" My mother gave her a half-dollar for a ticket, muttering that probably a lot of thieves would get in for nothing. "Don't worry yourself," the actress said, "we'll make a collection yet." My mother invited her to lunch with us, and she accepted with unaffected pleasure.

Although my mother knew I was straining to see the performance, I was barred, for, as I learned later, none of these affairs was intended for tender ears. At the time I assumed that my mother did not want to lay out a half-dollar for me, or, since I could probably have got a child's rate, even a quarter.

When a troupe set up in a casino, it was usually for more than one performance. Local talent was drafted, and a full-length play, generally from the Second Avenue repertory, was put on. The atmosphere at these more ambitious ventures, which I was allowed to attend, was amazingly informal. There were loud comments on the play and sometimes on the quality of the acting. For that matter, the actors themselves frequently ignored the invisible fourth wall and, when particularly irked by the buzzing inattention, would stand forth and deliver themselves heatedly of a few remarks about the low level of culture among Jews in America. I once saw the bearded actor playing the title role in "Der Yidishe King Lear" pull off his bald wig, which was covered with a skullcap, and stride forward to shout at the concessionaire in the back of the casino, who had been dispensing soft drinks and rattling bottles all through the performance, that businessmen were all boors. Lear then turned, refitted his wig, heaved a sigh, and resumed his ponderous lines.

One of these companies happened to include Madame Vishnak. I was playing table tennis on the porch of the casino just down the road from our *kochalein*. The hotel guests had been using the river on our property for swimming, and so the *kochaleiniks* were not being chased off the hotel grounds. A long, decrepit station wagon drove up, and two men and two women got out. One of the men, who I judged was in his fifties, had a lined and tanned face and was wearing a blue beret, a bright sports jacket, an ascot, and black and white shoes. He was smoking a cigarette in a long holder and carried a cane. I remembered having seen him the week before on the hotel grounds, when he had probably been making arrangements. One of the women was the tall, red-headed, pockmarked Madame Vishnak, and I threw down my paddle and hurried down the steps to greet her. She gathered me in, gave me a hug, and asked about my mother. I ran to the *kochalein*, and my mother had me run back to ask Madame Vishnak to supper. At supper Madame Vishnak explained that she was gaining experience in the American theater by touring the Catskills. She asked me if I would like a part in the play the troupe was putting on for two nights at the casino.

I don't remember the name of the play, but it had to do with an old man, father of a fifteen-year-old boy and several married children, who when his wife died immediately married a young woman. The children, including the youngest, whom I was to play, resented their youthful stepmother and tried to reason with the tyrannous old goat, as he was described by someone in the course of the activities, although since the marriage had taken place there didn't seem much to argue with him about. Madame Vishnak played the new wife. I can't recall whether she actually put on a bleached-blond wig and wore black silk hose and red high-heeled shoes, but that was the impression she was supposed to give. I, and my older seven or eight brothers and sisters, along with in-laws and nieces and nephews, most of them also played by summer visitors, hated Madame Vishnak. She was supposed to be getting ready to treat this horde as though we were all Cinderella. I recall that we were also worried about our inheritance, which would have had to be spread pretty thin to include everyone.

I had no difficulty learning my lines. Aside from my own eagerness, my mother drilled me before and after each meal and when I got up and went to bed. There was no variety in what I had to say; I merely rejected every overture Madame Vishnak

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made to me and invoked the memory of my late mother. Being the youngest of the brood, my statements were intended to produce the greatest sympathy in the audience. My main scene came toward the end. The old man and Madame Vishnak had tried various ways to reconcile the family to them, including threats and cajoling, all in vain. The children kept reminding their father of his faithful, hard-working, prodigiously maternal, but now dead wife. In desperation Madame Vishnak pleaded that she would be a mother to all, and turned to me as the youngest. I rejected her with a resounding speech about my loyalty to the only mother I had ever known or would ever know.

THE night of my debut I was outfitted in short pants to emphasize my youthfulness. Because the stage took up almost the width of the building, there were no wings. Along with the other performers I waited for cues near the front row of the lined-up folding chairs, next to a door which led to a short staircase opening directly onto the stage. This arrangement meant that I alternated between being a member of the cast and a member of the audience. My reactions became additionally confused since I knew Madame Vishnak was not at all the kind of creature she was portraying. I shared my mother's awed respect for her and resented the comments, on and off stage, on her character.

The feeling in the room mounted as the ludicrous old man indulged himself. The play was exceptionally vulgar and provoking. Once the old man bent over to kiss his young wife as she was stretched out on a sofa. A crick in his back prevented him from straightening out, and he went hobbling about the stage, bent over, hand on his back, cursing angrily. The audience howled. "Good for you, you old ox!" a woman shouted. When Madame Vishnak toyed with the old man, pinching his cheeks, stroking his gray hair, kissing him on the forehead, the watchers fumed. One voice yelled out, "Leave the old man alone and go walk the streets!" The four actors of the company responded sensitively to the emotions of the audience. Like television wrestlers, they lingered skillfully over any bit of business that stirred up an especially raucous outburst, ad-libbing freely, intensifying the action and confusing their amateur colleagues.

The hall was hot, the irritating mumble of dissatisfaction kept up, the lighting was dim. The unfamiliar, exaggerated movements of the principals further intensified for me the unreal quality of the evening. My fury at the attack on Madame Vishnak from both sides of the footlights made me determine to speak up for her the next chance I got, which would be my final speech. At the cue, I walked contemptuously away from the audience and strode onto the stage. When Madame Vishnak moved toward me, arms held forth appealingly, instead of spurning her I let her embrace me. I then stepped back and, turned half to my brothers and sisters on the stage and half to the audience, delivered a hot, confused, tearful defense of Madame Vishnak. I told the audience it should be ashamed of itself for attacking such a wonderful woman and such a fine actress, and my family that it ought to be glad to have such a wonderful new mother. I must have kept up my earnest harangue long enough to sway the audience away from its dislike of Madame Vishnak, for, when I paused for breath and the two stagehands rushed out pulling the curtain shut and ending the act, there was loud applause.

But the actors, who had perhaps a quarter of the act to go, were paralyzed. Most of them remained fixed, jaws slack, but Madame Vishnak hurried over, turned me around, whacked me solidly on my seat, and in a taut voice told me to get home. To my bewilderment, I fared no better with my mother, who was in the casino. Her face was flushed and set in anger. "Some son you are," she said. "Here you get a chance to act with Madame Vishnak, and you forget your lines and make a fool of yourself and me. What will she think of me?"

Not even the vaguely admiring looks of the other persons in the building as we moved out onto the porch mollified my mother. The next night, when I was allowed to go on after a solemn promise not to adapt my lines again, which I kept, it seemed to me the final applause was much thinner. My acting was letter-perfect, and I now think that the spectators preferred emotional tirades, however irrelevant, to logic and sense. But I was happy, for both Madame Vishnak and my mother beamed their approval.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

PRAYERS OF PENITENCE

Translations of Piyyutim

THEODOR H. GASTER

ON EACH of the Jewish festivals and Holy Days —and likewise on many Sabbaths—the traditional services of the synagogue are embellished or tricked out by special poetic compositions known as *piyyutim*.

In the Sephardic liturgy, these are drawn mainly from the work of the Hebrew poets who flourished in Spain during the 11th and 12th centuries, and whose most famous representatives are Solomon ibn Gabirol of Malaga (1021-1069), Moses ibn Ezra of Granada (1070-1138) and Judah Halevi of Toledo (1085-1145). With few exceptions, they are of the nature of devotional lyrics, distinguished by directness of thought and classical purity of language.

Quite different, on the other hand, is the Ashkenazic repertoire. Leaning heavily on the compositions of Eleazar Kalir of Palestine (9th century) and of Meshullam ben Kalonymos of Rome (10th century), and incorporating also the improvisations of innumerable local cantors and poetasters, the Ashkenazic *piyyutim* are essentially learned lucubrations rather than spontaneous or natural outbursts. Their characteristic is not simplicity but, on the contrary, a deliberate and contrived involution, and they depend for their effect not so much on power of thought and feeling as on verbal dexterity, clever manipulations of Scriptural texts, and recondite allusions to rabbinic legend and lore.

To speak—with all due qualification—in terms of English literature, the difference between the two genres might perhaps be compared to that between Donne and Herbert on the one hand and Quarles' *Emblems* or Lyly's *Euphues* on the other.

THE following selection is designed to convey a general impression of the High Holy Day *piyyutim* of both types. A second selection will appear next month. The translation is, of course, a compromise. As the sages said of the Scriptures: he who translates literally is a liar.

The reader will observe especially that throughout these poems there is often a sharp and rapid descent from the peaks of imagination to the deep valleys of bathos. This is not due entirely to the deficiencies of the translator, but in many instances represents a deliberate attempt to convey, albeit in attenuated form, something of the complexion and style of the originals, in which moments of genuine poetic passion are not infrequently hemmed in by hackneyed clichés and banalities.

These translations are taken from the writer's work, *Festivals of the Jewish Year*, which will be published by William Sloane Associates in November, and which includes many further renderings of *piyyutim* covering the entire range of the liturgy.—THEODOR H. GASTER

THE INN OF GOD

(Mi-beth meloni)

From the supplications recited during the month before Yom Kippur. Sephardic rite.

NOT in the casual caravanserai,
But where Thy doors stand open, thither, Lord,
I turn to seek my rest; when I draw nigh,
Do Thou give welcome with a kindly word.

Lo, I am bowed beneath the heavy load
Of stubbornness, and I am gone astray;
Perverseness is the guide upon the road,
And Sin it is that speeds me on my way.

A vagrant weary and forespent am I,
Whom Evil beckons onwards all the day

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And drives; but lo, his promise is a lie,
For nightfall brings no rest, but new affray.

Lord, wake me from the dreams of this long night;
Wake Thou my tired spirit, and fulfill
The dream of Thy redemption. Let the light
Of morning shine from yonder clouded hill.

—Moses ibn Ezra

THE TWO KINGS

(Melech 'elyon)

From the Additional Service (Musaph) for the Second Day of Rosh Hashanah, according to the Ashkenazic rite.

King in the world of light—
Austere, exalted He,
Above all powers that be,
All things by His command are made and known.
Uplifted high and proud,
He raiseth up the bow'd;
'Tis He that setteth kings upon the throne.
Eterne His reign.

* * *

King in the world of light—
The cloudmist is His screen;
He strides the flames between,
And drives His cherub-chariot thro' the sky.
Stars in their courses shine
To light the way divine,
And shimmering sparks proclaim that He is nigh.
Eterne His reign.

* * *

Kings in the world of blight—
Grow old and faint and slow,
Down to the Pit must go,
Down to the slime and slough must they descend;
After the world's spent riot,
Into the grave unquiet,
Into the weariness that knows no end.
How long their reign?

Kings in the world of blight—
Lo, at the end of all,
Sleep on their eyes shall fall,
And slumber o'er their eyelids shall be sprent;
Folds of obscurity
Their winding sheet shall be,
And gray oblivion all their cerement.
How long their reign?

—Simeon ben Isaac ben Abun (10th cent.)

JUDGMENT DAY

(U-netanneh Tokeph)

From the Additional Service (Musaph) for the High Holy Days, according to the Ashkenazic rite.

A sudden hush, a trumpet blast—
The angels quail and are aghast;
"The Judgment Day is here," they cry,
"The Judgment on the hosts on high!"
(For there's no minister of light
Untarnish'd in the Judge's sight.)

And all that roam the earth below
Like sheep before their shepherd go,
Filing past him to the fold,
Counted, number'd, reckon'd, told.
God declares and God decrees
When Fate's abhorrèd shears to these
Shall come; and with His mighty hand
Sets upon their souls the brand.

* * *

Dust are men, to dust return;
With their souls their bread they earn—
Fragile vessels, wither'd grass,
Fading flowers, shades that pass,
Drifting clouds and winds that blow,
Dust specks, dreams that wingèd go.
But Thou, eternal King sublime,
Thy days and years outdistance time.
Thron'd above the cherubim,
Who can all Thy glory limn?
Who the mystery proclaim
Hidden in Thy hidden Name?
Yet Thy glories cover us,
For Thy Name is over us.

—Meshullam ben Kalonymos

CONFESSIONAL

(Adonai, negdecha kol ta'avathi)

From the Morning Service of the Day of Atonement, Sephardic rite.

Before Thee, Lord, my every wish is known
Ere that one word upon my lips do lie,
Lord, grant me but one moment of Thy grace,
One moment only, and I gladly die.

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One moment, Lord, if Thou wouldst but accord,
Gladly would I commit into Thy keep
All that may yet remain of this frail breath,
And I would sleep, and sweet would be my sleep.

When I am far from Thee, my life is death;
My death were life, if I to Thee might cling;
Yet lo, I know not wherewith I might come
Into Thy presence, nor what offering bring.

Teach me, O Lord, Thy ways, and grant release
From Folly's prison and her heavy bond;
Show me to bow my soul, while yet I may,
And when I bow it, spurn not to respond.

Now, ere the day come when unto myself
A burden am I, and my head bends low,
And age and slow corruption take their toll,
And I grow weary, and my feet are slow;

Ere that I go where erst my fathers went,
And reach the journey's end, which is the tomb—
A stranger and a sojourner on earth,
Whose only portion is her ample womb.

My youth hath all in wantonness been spent,
And ne'er have I prepared for my long home;
The world was too much with me, veil'd my sight,
That ne'er I thought upon the world to come.

How can I serve my Maker, when that I
Serve this dull clay, and am the thrall of lust?
How seek the lofty height, who yet may lie
To-morn a-mouldering in the silent dust?

How can my heart respond to present joy,
Which knows not if the morning will be bright,
When day conspires with day but to destroy,
And but to ruin night conspires with night?

My dust shall yet be wafted on the winds;
My flesh into the common earth descend;
What shall I say, who am pursued by lust
From life's first dawning to her bitter end?

What profit lies in time or length of days,
An they be empty of Thy grace? What thing
Have I for guerdon, if I have not Thee?
Naked I am; Thou art my covering.

Yet wherefore words, which are but words alone?
Before Thee, Lord, my every wish is known.

—Judah Halevi

THE GLORY OF GOD

(Asher ometz tehillatecha)

From the Morning Service of the Day of Atonement, Ashkenazic rite.

Where Angels through the azure fly,
Where Beams of light illume the sky,
Where rides Celestial Cavalry,
Where Dim, Ethereal voices cry,
Is seen the wonder of Thy ways.
Yet dost Thou not disdain the praise

Of Flesh and blood who eager throng
About Thy Gates and, all day long,
Hapless raise their plaintive song,
Invoking Thee to right their wrong;
And this Thy glory is.

Where, in the clear and cloudless height,
Jostle the cherub hosts, and bright
Flaming Legions pierce the night,
With all the Ministers of light,
Is seen the wonder of Thy ways.
Yet dost Thou not disdain the praise

Of them who, in the here below,
Do Naught of bliss and comfort know,
Who, Overwhelm'd with grief and woe,
Tread their Petty pace and slow;
And this Thy glory is.

Where Quires celestial at Thy side
And Regiments of grace abide,
Where the great Bond of Souls is tied,
Where all the Thund'rous cohorts ride,
Is seen the wonder of Thy ways.
Yet dost Thou not disdain the praise

Of them who, Unredeemèd, late
And early in their Vigil wait,
Watching at the heavenly gate,
Yearning that Thou wilt mark their fate,
Zealous that Thou wilt purge their stain,
And take them back to Thee again.
And this Thy glory is.

—Meshullam ben Kalonymos

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ON THE HORIZON

BIBLE-AGE RELICS AND JEWISH ART

The Metropolitan Museum's Archeological Exhibition

LEO STEINBERG

IN A showcase at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York hangs the jawbone of an ass—"like the one Samson used against the Philistines," said the press release. Next door lies a slingshot and stone—the very type, archeologists say, that David used against Goliath.

The situation is evocative of more than the familiar Bible heroes. For these exhibits —part of the current showing "From the Land of the Bible"—almost seem to reinstate a bygone age of faith and gullibility, when the trafficking in relics was a lucrative and solemn trade; when the peddler at the fair displayed among his staples feathers that had dropped from the angel's wing as he wrestled with Jacob; or chunks of rock salt, mounted in silver, from the forearm of Lot's wife.

Are we back with the relic-mongering of the Middle Ages? No, not altogether. No more so than a repentant sinner is back in the state of innocence. For we have come through two centuries of skeptical rationalism to discover that the Bible stories are probably true. And where the medieval relic was authenticated by a letter from an Eastern bishop stating that this rusty blade before us was indeed the very sword which Balaam said he wished he had (Num. 22:29), the relics at the Metropolitan are vouched for by tough-minded archeologists.

THE stated purpose of this great exhibition is to "make the Bible live." In a chronological sense—and in this sense only —the claim is staked too narrowly. The show actually assembles the material remains and artifacts of every period of Palestine history, from Paleolithic data (of which Israel produces a rich crop) down to 6th-century Byzantine. Items range from monumental sculpture and mosaics to coins and earthenware. Many have not been previously shown, being the fruit of recent excavations. And one is somewhat astonished to learn that the government of Israel has carried out nearly 200 large and small digs during the last five years.

This does not mean that the Israeli government is earnestly devoted to archeological exploration. It reflects rather the hectic building activity in the new state. Wherever a spade is turned in Israel, the ground sooner or later yields some potsherd, statuette, bronze implement, or coin. And whenever this happens it is the government's hope (not always satisfied) that its Department of Antiquities will be called in. Then one of its too few archeologists comes down to make a lightning survey of the site before those fragile traces of the past are lost forever.

Perhaps the most spectacular recent find occurred two years ago near Caesarea, seat of the Roman procurators of Judea. Here the

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IN OUR June issue William Schack reviewed the exhibition of a group of leading Israeli painters now being held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, under the sponsorship of the American Fund for Israel Institutions. Now LEO STEINBERG discusses the accompanying exhibition of recent archeological finds from Israel (both shows will run until Labor Day). Mr. Steinberg was born in Moscow in 1920, and educated in England, where he studied sculpture. He now teaches drawing at Parsons School of Design in New York, also lecturing at the YMHA and Cooper Union. His articles on art have appeared in *Sewanee Review* and *Partisan Review*.

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men of a new kibbutz, breaking ground for cultivation, lighted on a splendid 7-ton porphyry statue. Seated and, alas, without a head, the colossus now dominates the Metropolitan's main hall. It is a late Roman work, well over double life-size, and with that hieratic calm which Roman art, Orientalized, eventually substituted for its own factual, no-nonsense realism. It sets one of the themes of the exhibition—the theme of cultural miscegenation on the scant soil of Israel.

Even the prehistoric pieces mark Palestine as a crossroads of remote ethnic trails. A Neolithic model of a house (or shrine) shows the oval plan and half-submerged igloo design familiar to Old Stone Age scholars from sites in South Russia and Moravia. An anthropoid stone amulet traces a silhouette found as far afield as Lake Baikal in Eastern Siberia. The ugly little Neolithic "Venus of Tel Aviv" offers the same piscine reduction of the human face (two profiles joined along a central ridge) as do the figurines of Crete and the Indus Valley. The remains from more historic times are tokens of migrations from Anatolia and Elam, of political submission to Egypt, and of cultural surrender to Mesopotamian, Hittite, Aegean, Minoan, Cypriot influence.

Migrations, conquests, infiltrations, and a lively trade by land and sea: Palestine reveals itself as a restless corridor. Its artifacts are less like the appointments of a family home than like the scattered leavings in a public hostelry.

And throughout these early phases—down to the Babylonian Exile—there is almost no sign of Hebrew sojourn. What abounds, on the contrary, is evidence of the abominations practiced in the Holy Land: bronze Baals on rachitic legs brandishing pin-swords, and shameless little Astartes clutching their bare paps—"till good Josiah drove them thence to hell."

Few of these works pass beyond the point of barely respectable design. There are some handsome pots from the Middle Bronze Age (*ca.* 1500 B.C.E.), and Phoenician workmanship stands out for elegance—which proves King Solomon had an appreciative eye. But any comparison with the arts of Egypt, Mesopotamia, or Elam is bound to be invidious, for it makes Palestinian work look gross and provincial. And yet the exhibition invites comparisons both subtler and more damaging. It shows imported potteries and local imitations side by side, the latter nearly always recognizable for their unfailing gaucherie.

It should be noted here that not one of these Canaanite objects can be certainly ascribed to Hebrew artisans. Whatever the Israelites of the Two Kingdoms produced of pottery, ornament, or idolatrous representation is either nonextant or undistinguishable.

IN VIEW of this patent backwardness in material culture the phenomenon of the Bible as a Palestinian product becomes the more miraculous. Had the Bible not survived, archeologists, judging the ancient Hebrews from recovered artifacts, must have concluded that they were unproductive, imitative, and untalented. And even where the post-Exilic period offers more examples of Judaic manufacture, there are none that would give the least clue to the narrative power and the boldness of thought and symbol that went into the Bible. The workmanship of Hebrew artists remains naive and inept. Allowing for the fact that little has survived the devastations of Samaria and Jerusalem; allowing for the general rule that it is precisely the best metropolitan art which most insistently invites theft and destruction, one is still struck by the crudeness of Hebrew pottery forms and decoration.

Not that the aesthetic impulse is unacknowledged. Rosettes, stars, and ornamental borders do appear, as on ossuaries (clay or limestone chests for the reburial of bones); but they are clumsily done—one is tempted to say, inattentively—though there was a guild of craftsmen in Jerusalem responsible for their production. Art they are not. The aesthetic transformation of the raw material has not taken place. What they possess is at best the moral-sentimental charm of utter artlessness. Nothing learned or acquired comes between impulse and execution. And there seems to be little desire to arrest admiration, let alone contemplation. If gifted neighbor nations were seeking for, and achieving, perfection in the management of plastic forms, the Hebrews, one feels, weren't even trying. A profound unconcern with finite forms seems to have precluded the cultivation of skill in the making of images.

Indeed, it is worth asking what motives there were to induce art among Israel's

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neighbors. It will be found that they were, one and all, incompatible with the single-minded God-obsession of the Hebrews.

Was the image to be an effective instrument of magic, like the Egyptian funerary statue or relief? There was the Second Commandment to restrain such labors.

Was art to manifest the supreme glory of the king, as did the art of Babylon? The Hebrews were too conscious of the king's contingent status under God to have much heart for such an enterprise.

Was art to be a luxury for the enhancement of the sensuous life, like the tinsel of Tyre and Sidon? There was the puritanism of the prophets to degrade all decoration into frippery and to damn its pretensions. "The Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornament," says Isaiah (3:18).

Or was the work of art, after the Greek fashion, to incarnate some formal principle of timeless, sacred, and immutable perfection? The underlying impulse of Greek art was to put forth the unembodied prototype, the self-existent form of forms behind the drift of accidence. But this impulse too was inadmissible within the Hebrew frame of thought. In the Biblical conception of a holy and transcendent God, nature, though real, was desanctified, along with all its forms, whether visible or antecedent. Worship belonged to the living God alone, and there was no such thing as Beauty, Fruitfulness, Number, or Essential Reason to be personified in myth or incarnated in aesthetic form.

The creative originality of the Hebrews, therefore, is to be looked for not in their art, but in the fact of their iconoclasm. On the evidence of this exhibition their position on art, down to the Common Era, strikes one as a case of studied indifference. Life, they seem to say, is too short for art.

PASSING into the Talmudic era we note a change of attitude. "In the days of Rabbi Abuna," says the Tractate *Avoda Zara,* "they began to depict designs on mosaics, and he did not hinder them." Synagogue decoration in the 3rd century C.E. seems to have been widespread and often sumptuous. And since the excavations in the early 1930's at Dura Europos, we possess at least one set of fine synagogue frescoes. Dura is not represented in this show. But there are Jewish lamps of baked clay depicting Samson "between the middle pillars of the House"; Daniel confronting a lion; or the imagined façade of the destroyed Temple. There are also more monumental carvings of the Menorah and the Arc of the Covenant on wheels—all executed with a rough simplicity and want of skill. One is reminded of St. Augustine recommending a "diligent negligence" (rather than a Ciceronian polish) to the preacher.

At the exhibition almost an entire wall is given over to a large mosaic, part of the floor of the 6th-century Synagogue of Beth Alpha. It represents, with unbelievable naivety, the sacrifice of Isaac. On one side stands Abraham, shapelessly garbed, a carving knife in his right hand, his left tossing the infant Isaac on to the flaming altar, or perhaps holding him aloft for emphasis. Both figures, identified by Hebrew characters, look squarely at the spectator, as if to say—"We are not self-engaged; we act for you." In the center is "the ram caught in the thicket"—a woolly toy of an animal, tethered to a levitating shrub. Above the beast is the hand of God protruding from a cloud. Two fuzzy-haired dolls and an amorphous donkey at the left represent the servants waiting. Three rudimentary twigs in the leftover spaces take care of the landscape.

Once again, the manner is too unprofessional, too innocent to sustain aesthetic criticism. It is a debased naturalism that lacks all feeling for stylistic abstraction. The promise of Dura Europos has come and gone. Done three centuries later, Beth Alpha marks a descent into a folksy primitivism. And yet it did not fall below the expectation of the donors. A Greek legend under the sacrifice scene reads: "May the craftsmen who carried out this work, Marianos and his son Hanina, be held in remembrance."

So they should be. For though their work was once a decline, it may yet become the ground of ascent for a new liturgical art. There has been some interest lately in modern art for American synagogues. If the interest is genuine then there is much inspiration in these ancient Hebrew efforts. Here, ready to hand, is a repertory of symbols and, more important, a flat, rugged, frankly symbolic style that easily translates itself into contemporary terms. For those whose Jewish interests go beyond antiquarianism this challenge is perhaps the highest value of the present exhibition.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

THE ROLE OF BRAINS IN THE TOTAL STATE

Science and Technique at Pistol's Point

DANIEL LERNER

A PERENNIAL problem of government concerns the relation between men of knowledge and men of power in the shaping of social policy. The best-known answer of classical antiquity—never, however, tried out—was that proposed by Plato in *The Republic*: men of knowledge should be kings and men of power should be their guardians. It remained for Machiavelli, fifteen centuries later, to describe the actual conditions of governance: a man rules by virtue of his power; knowledge is but an instrument which, if he is wise, he will use to insure the stability of his rule.

READERS of this column are already acquainted with the Hoover Institute's Studies in the Revolution of Our Time, some of the first of which were reviewed here in July 1952 by Richard Crossman. Here DANIEL LERNER, formerly Research Director of the Hoover Institute and Library at Stanford University, reports some of the major findings of these studies relating to the nature of the elites of totalitarian countries. Mr. Lerner has a more than academic acquaintance with totalitarianism, for during the war he served as Chief of Intelligence, Psychological Warfare Division, on General Eisenhower's staff at SHAEF, and, in addition to studying the Nazi enemy, participated in negotiations with the Russians in postwar Berlin. Mr. Lerner draws here on two of the Hoover Institute Studies which he has himself written (*The Nazi Elite*, and *The Soviet Military Elite*—still to be published), and on other studies as well. Mr. Lerner is also the author of *SYKEWAR: Psychological Warfare Against Germany* and has edited (with Harold D. Lasswell) *The Policy Sciences*. He will take up an appointment as professor of sociology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology this fall.

Machiavelli thus reverses the Platonic perspective. Government is by power, which "guards" such knowledge as it finds useful.

Democracy complicated but did not ultimately change this formulation. Under the system of democracy, power is compromised by suffrage and knowledge by opinion. Government becomes a process of brokerage in the opinion market, with the politician serving as the professional broker. The skills needed to mediate power conflicts of interest and desire were those acquired by knowledge of law and experience of affairs. Hence we find the lawyer figuring most prominently in modern political elites. To illustrate: of the 221 members of the American Cabinet since 1890, over half were lawyers; eliminating Attorneys General, who *must* be lawyers, still leaves 43.9 per cent. A comparable situation prevails in Britain, France, and pre-Nazi Germany.

In our time, with the rise of the new revolutionary despotism, a significant change has occurred in the relations between knowledge and power. In the 19th century intellectuals formed an alliance with the proletariat; this alliance began to bear fruit after 1918, with the coming to power of regimes that claimed to give a radically new answer to the ancient problem of knowledge and power. The problem of power was solved by taking all of it; the problem of knowledge was solved by a comprehensive "ideology." Power, using ideology, defined what was valid knowledge; and ideology justified absolute power. If Soviet Russia had gone the way of Mussolini's New Rome and Hitler's *tausendjährige Reich*, we could have safely concluded that totalitarianism was incapable of coping with the realities of a complex industrial order, and ignored it. But the fact of the endurance

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of the Soviet Union demands that we try to understand the totalitarian answer to the ancient problem of knowledge and power.

II

MARXISM, though it is the most comprehensive body of social dogma officially associated with any modern polity, is silent as the grave on the particular question of the role of elites in Communist society. Indeed, the original Marxist doctrine saw no need even to consider this problem, believing that with the emergence of a classless society and the withering away of the state there would be no place for an elite. For this reason the Soviet elite lacks a formal doctrine by which to understand its own role, and this lack helps to account for its *ad hoc* development.

The nearest approach to a doctrinal rationale for the Bolshevik elite was made by Lenin and amended by Trotsky. Lenin developed the notion of the party as "the vanguard," whose chief figures were "the leading elements" in every sphere of Bolshevik society. Any such word as "elite" was of course anathema to the Bolsheviks; but it was clear to the more perceptive among Lenin's colleagues that his politics implied "elitism" regardless of the words he used. Trotsky, in particular, feared the installation of a new elite composed of the "muzhiks" who had taken control of the party apparatus. Like many Old Bolsheviks a close student of past revolutions, especially the French, Trotsky feared a "Thermidorian reaction"; his theory of "permanent revolution" aimed at preventing the degeneration of the Bolshevik revolution into what he called a "muzhik revolution." Trotsky held that the emergence of a new class of rulers in the "classless society" coould be prevented only by periodically reconstituting the revolutionary elite.

Stalinism, as a distinctive variant of Bolshevik theory and practice, was dedicated to seeing that just such a revitalization of the revolutionary elite did not take place. Stalin himself "reconstituted" the elite, in such a way that none but he could reconstitute it thereafter. Louis Fischer sums up this crucial phase of Bolshevik history in these same terms of knowledge and power that we have been using: ". . . the use of the secret police to end a dispute on policy was the Communist Party's Waterloo. Thereafter, those who had force would think they had wisdom" (*The God That Failed,* page 212).

Lenin's doctrine of "the vanguard" had legitimized the supremacy of political men in Soviet society, thereby fixing the priority of power as a social value, and had placed the political elite (the Politburo) at the controls of the party. Stalin eliminated certain types of men from this elite and recruited other types. The struggle has been portrayed as one between generations—between the old revolutionary and the new careerist. It is true that a generation had to pass before the Stalinist supremacy was asserted absolutely in the Great Purge of 1937. But in a deeper sense the Old Bolsheviks were a type rather than a generation of men. Many of Stalin's closest associates, men who were with him from the start and lived to carry his coffin (e.g., Molotov, Kaganovich, Voroshilov), were also Old Bolsheviks. The essential struggle was characterological—between two different kinds of men.

The history of the Politburo, like every side of Soviet history, has three phases: (1) Leninist; (2) interregnum; (3) Stalinist. The Stalinist transformation is clearer if, skipping the period of internecine strife, we compare the composition of the Politburo in the first and third periods. During the seven years of Lenin's rule, the Politburo members were typically intellectuals of bourgeois origin. Consider, for example, the occupations of their fathers: Lenin's was a school inspector; Trotsky's a landowner (indeed a "kulak"); Kamenev's an engineer. Bukharin and Krestinsky were the sons of school teachers. No more respectable bourgeois backgrounds could be imagined.

As such social origins imply, the early Politburo members were also an urban group. Of the nine men who reached the summit of power during Lenin's lifetime, seven had been born in cities—three of these in the metropolitan centers of Moscow and Leningrad. It is noteworthy that of the nineteen Politburo members appointed after Lenin's death up until 1950, not one was born in these centers. Along with these bourgeois and urban characteristics, several other features distinguish the Leninist Politburo from the successive Stalinist Politburos. They were a highly educated group of men, widely traveled, Continental in their politics and cosmopolitan in their outlook. Not surprisingly, six of them were university graduates, and four were Jews.

ALL of these seven university graduates in the early Politburo (with the sole excep-

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tion of Lenin) were executed as traitors during the second period, as the Politburo came under the control of the ex-seminarist Stalin. Following the Moscow trials, after Stalin's new "muzhik" power elite had established itself as supreme, the composition of the Politburo exhibits some striking changes. Gone are the men from bourgeois families and the big cities, men with university training, varied interests, and broad sympathies. In their place are "muzhiks" from rural, peasant, impoverished Russia. They have not been to college or traveled abroad. Their outlook is the reverse of cosmopolitan; indeed, they have made "cosmopolitan" (prefaced by "rootless" or "passportless") into a Bolshevik swearword.

The triumph of the "muzhiks" over the intellectuals in the Politburo bespeaks the transformation of Soviet life under Stalinism. The "new" totalitarian solution of the problem of knowledge and power was simply to eliminate the men of knowledge. After Lenin's death, the only two Politburo members who might be called intellectuals had the briefest of political careers: Zhdanov died, under curious circumstances, in 1948; Voznesensky was dropped, after only two years, in 1949—apparently the only case on record of a man who left the Politburo and lived.

What did the new men of power bring to their jobs to replace the knowledge of the intellectuals they had ousted? Certainly, they were no theoreticians. As compared with the outpourings of the Leninist Politburo, the members of the Stalinist Politburo shunned print. Aside from Stalin himself (of whose "theoretical" work, out of respect for the departed, it is better not to speak) and Voznesensky (who has been thrown out), no Politburo member of the past decade has attempted any sustained theoretical analysis. The new men of power say with Job: "Behold, my desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book." Soviet knowledge is defined by the official ideology; evidence of skill in the use of this knowledge is mastery of the dialectic—that wondrous "method," invented by Humpty Dumpty and perfected by Stalinism, whereby words can be made to mean whatever suits one's convenience.

As print is somewhat less amenable than speech to "dialectical" treatment, it is perhaps understandable that the new Politburo members should not write books. But we are struck by the fact that they also are not especially gifted orators, as the early Bolsheviks were. The new rulers do not talk brilliantly, or much, in public. It is no longer necessary. Other channels than public discussion are now favored for making top decisions operative throughout the USSR. This helps to explain the superfluity of the intellectual, who is the professional of oral and written symbols, and the consequent transformation of the Politburo under Stalinism. The different demands of the present call for different men.

Before the Bolshevik revolution, with a party to be united and a mass following to be won, the instrument of power was perforce persuasion. The brilliant theoretician served an indispensable function in converting a band of Marxian ideologues into a Bolshevik party that could act effectively. Indispensable, too, was the masterful orator who won the great crowds in public squares over to his side. Lenin and Trotsky, Bukharin, Kamenev, and Zinoviev were masters of theoretical disputation, skillful political pamphleteers, and brilliant orators.

Once power was seized, other skills were called for. Stalin vanquished Trotsky thanks to superior organizational skill, i.e., skill at mobilizing and using power, not superior intellectual endowment. The consequences for Soviet history were profound. Coercion replaced persuasion. This is not to imply that Trotsky was not capable of brutality and violence—he was; or that Stalin has not created the hugest propaganda machine in modern history—he has. The point is rather that for Trotsky violence was sporadic; the preferred mode of settling policy issues, under the rule of "democratic centralism," was by discussion. Stalin preferred to settle issues by organizational maneuver, with murder as his not so ultimate argument.

In the Stalinist political system, the brilliant intellectual has no important function. Indeed, the disputatious theorist and gifted orator is at best a nuisance and may even be a menace. The characterological model of the new Politburo today has been Stalin himself—the impersonal administrator and master of bureaucracy, the man whose personality expresses itself in calculated repression rather than intellectual flamboyance.

Instead of writing books, the new Politburo man gets up dossiers on the citizenry, like Beria; or keeps card files on his colleagues, like Malenkov. He does not make speeches, he gives orders. The writing of books and speeches,

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when needed, is something that his subordinates do for him on order. Lenin and Trotsky were very much in the public eye; the new Politburo men have a passion for anonymity. None has written an autobiography; none has been the subject of a biography, unless we dignify with the title of biography those official party handouts that conceal more than they reveal. An exhaustive search through the printed sources by a research team at Stanford University, for example, failed to turn up any verifiable facts about Malenkov's parents or family life. The impersonality of efficient bureaucracy is the dominant characterological style. The important thoughts that Politburo members now think can be sufficiently publicized by a few quiet words, spoken between puffs on a pipe, embodied in Pravda communiqúes, after the decision and the act.

Increasingly, in the past two decades, Politburo membership comes as the climax of long and successful party work. It was possible for a Trotsky to enter the Politburo without having been even a party member; whereas admission to the Politburo today would appear to be impossible for anyone without a record of successful work in the party, even in the inner administration of the party. The ladder of success has become standardized. In the Stalinist Politburo, member after member has stepped up these rungs in turn: local party work, Central Committee, Secretariat, Politburo candidate, Politburo member.

So uniform has the successful career line become that the Stanford analysis of Politburo biographies, made in 1949-50, concluded that there was only one plausible alternative in the matter of the succession to Stalin: either Malenkov alone, or, more likely, Malenkov as one of "a directorate of two or more" (for which Molotov and Beria were named as likely prospects).

The bureaucratization of Soviet power permits us to forecast successfully some of the changes in the Soviet leadership; but of course its significance is much more than this. For regardless of who comes out on top, the course of Soviet society in the foreseeable future is not likely to be drastically altered. Stalin is dead; but the Stalinist system remains very much alive. The institutions of Stalinism are now firmly rooted in Soviet life; a generation of rulers and ruled has grown up that knows only these institutions. Even if they wanted to, Stalin's heirs would need a lifetime to transform their inheritance. Moreover, it is incredible that a Malenkov or a Beria should want to transform a system upon which their own power and success are based. If they fall out and fight each other, it is not to transform the system but to control it.*

III

The rigidity of the Stalinist system is both a cause and a consequence of the elimination of men of knowledge from the Soviet elite. The ruthlessness with which they were got rid of was in some measure due to the deep-seated hatred of intellectuals that Stalin exhibited throughout his life and which was institutionalized in the Stalinist system. And the consequence of this was to make it easier to erect a totalitarian system which holds that power *is* knowledge; a system, that is to say, which answers the problem of the relation of knowledge and power with the tautology that power is power is power. . . .

Knowledge, however, it would appear from its history, is a relatively autonomous element in any social order. Under the democratic system, socially useful knowledge is largely in the hands of the "free professions." The criteria of professionalism are *competence* and *autonomy*. A scientist, for example, must possess a certain minimum knowledge of his field to be accepted as a professional; and just as important he must also be free to decide issues in this field on the basis of what he knows. It is true that political elites everywhere can (and do) decide such questions as whether to promote, say, atomic as against bacteriological research. But normally they base such decisions largely on alternatives proposed, and information provided, by professional scientists. Normally, too, knowledge less directly connected with political power is left pretty much under the control of the professionals.

In the Soviet system it is difficult for the rulers to let anything alone. This is particularly so in the "sector" of the professions, which have traditionally resisted the claims of absolute power. Stalinism laid down what is the truth in history, philosophy, linguistics, and other subjects about which it is felt that the official ideology is peculiarly competent to decide. But power after all is *not* knowledge and, ironically, it is in just those areas where knowledge is

*This sentence, written shortly after Stalin's death, has been borne out by the purge of Beria, both by its matter and manner.

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most intimately connected with the effective maintenance of power that the Soviet elite has had the least success. These are the sciences upon which the technologies of destruction are based.

The Soviet rulers have discovered that the man of power can do anything he likes with the man of knowledge—except perform his function. The modern despot is in an even more difficult position vis-à-vis the scientist than was the ancient tyrant vis-à-vis the sage. For knowledge *qua* science has become such a massive accumulation of specialized information and techniques that even the most cunning despot cannot long pretend to competent judgment. To maintain his total power over society, the modern despot must limit his authority by allowing professional autonomy to the men upon whose knowledge his power rests. Such is his dilemma.

The dilemma extends beyond the field of atomic physics into all of the professions of modern society. Consider the case of the military. Professional soldiers are a constant threat to elites claiming absolute power for themselves. But armies cannot be dispensed with, and so even a totalitarian elite must allow the professional soldier sufficient freedom to exercise his skills with more or less efficiency.

The history of the Soviet military corps reflects the hostility of the political elite to knowledge outside its own competence. The purge in 1937 of the army eliminated those men who were preeminently the military "intellectuals," brilliant theorists like Tukhachevsky and Yegorov whose competence had won them professional independence. Their places were filled by "muzhik generals" (as the Red Army itself called them), men like Voroshilov and Budenny, who were much more adept at bureaucratic than military maneuver.

The absurdity of placing a Marshal Budenny, who could not solve equations of one unknown, in command of cavalry that used tanks instead of horses, and electrical signals instead of wild Cossack cries, was plain in the test of action. The three "muzhik generals" who commanded the major fronts at the outbreak of the Nazi-Soviet war—Voroshilov, Budenny, Timoshenko—were rapidly assigned to other tasks. But after the war it was again necessary to purge the military corps. D. J. Dallin writes: "How mercilessly the MGB has been purging the Army in the past few years is seen in the fact that no less than 112 'deaths' of young generals have been reported in the Soviet press since 1948" (*New Leader,* April 27, 1953).

Actuarial data on a sample of 217 generals reveals a startlingly low life-expectancy. The average longevity for general officers as a whole is just under 50 years—a most unripe age considering that only a fraction of these generals died in combat. Forty-two generals, according to all available sources of information, died during the war years 1939-45 (not all of them, by any computation, in combat), as compared with 72 who died during the immediate post-war years 1946-50. This is an extraordinary rate of attrition in peacetime.

Interestingly enough, it is the men who become generals young who are most likely to die at an early age. Those who were over 50 when they became generals had an average age at death of 63.5 years. This figure declines to 49.3 for the middle generation of men who became generals between the ages of 40-50; their average life in the elite was thus well under 9 years. The youngest generation, however, appears to have no future at all: those who were under 40 when they became generals died at an average age of 37.8 years.

How, in view of these facts, does the Soviet regime induce men to take the risky job of general? By paying them lavishly.

Between the private soldier and the general, in the Soviet Army, yawns a gulf the like of which is unkown in the West. The magnitude of the disparity can be seen by comparing the pay scales of the Soviet and American armies, calculated by taking the pay of a private in each army as the base, and the pay of each higher rank as the factor of increase over this base:

Rank	*Soviet Army*	*U.S. Army*
Private	1	1
Private First Class	1.5	1.2
Corporal	3	1.4
Sergeant	4.3	1.8
Master Sergeant	9	2.4
Second Lieutenant	16	2.6
First Lieutenant	19	3.1
Captain	24.3	3.8
Major	30	4.6
Colonel	45	6.9
Brigadier General	None	9.3
Major General	68	11.2
Lieutenant General	81	11.2
General	96	11.2
Marshal (General of the Army)	114.3	15.2

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Whereas the spread from bottom to top in the American army is in the ratio 1:15, in the Soviet army it is 1:115! The difference between the pay of a Soviet private and a Soviet second lieutenant is greater than that between an American private and an American five-star general.

Does such a system produce competent military leaders? The evidence is not clear. To say that, after all, the Soviets whipped the Nazis is not to answer the question—a number of military scientists have asserted that the Soviet army triumphed *in spite of* gross professional incompetence among Soviet commanders.

This same Stalinist solution to the problem of utilizing knowledge—roughly, to alternate murder with bribery—has been followed in the various fields of science. Has it proved successful? Here, too, it is misleading to point to Soviet possession of the atom bomb as proof of scientific excellence; this may prove only the excellence of Soviet espionage. It is the considered opinion of leading American scientists that scientific progress has on the whole been retarded under Stalinism; progress in particular fields seems to have been inversely proportional to the degree of political control actually exercised over professional decisions. (See the volume *Soviet Science,* published in 1952 by the American Association for the Advancement of Science.)

IV

Recent history provides two other examples of revolutionary elites, the Fascist and the Nazi, that organized a "new" system of government on the Bolshevik pattern—and both failed, though only after they were defeated on the battlefield. To what extent was the totalitarian conception of power, involving among other thing the subordination of all knowledge to a power elite, involved in these defeats?

I merely note in passing that the Fascist elite developed in much the same direction as the Bolshevik, from a revolutionary elite dominated by intellectuals to a totalitarian elite dominated by a party bureaucracy. Mussolini himself was a socialist intellectual, a student of the elite theorist Pareto, and his early colleagues in the Fascist movement were largely of this type. With the conquest of power, things took a different turn. A careful statistical analysis of "The Changing Italian Elite," by Lasswell and Sereno, summarized developments as follows: "The rising agencies exhibit the relative predominance of those who are devoted to the arts of government and politics in the narrowest possible sense. There are found many who owe their entire career to skill in violence and who had no antecedent skill before their entry into politics. With the consolidation of the new regime, preliminary technical training assumes greater importance as the bureaucratizing tendencies of party and government manifest themselves." The changes in the Fascist elite thus follow the Bolshevik pattern: from the professional intellectual to the party administrator, under whom knowledge is the function of the bureaucratized technician. For Mussolini as for Stalin, murder was an approved method for accomplishing this "transition."

The pattern repeats itself, with local variations, in Nazi Germany. The initial situation of the Nazi party—as a "reactionary" movement ranged against a "liberal" government—meant that it had to do without the support of the large number of professional intellectuals committed to the other side. This is why the Nazi elite, in its first phase preceding the seizure of power, was dominated not by professional intellectuals but by intellectuals *manqué*. Hitler, the unsuccessful applicant for admittance to an architectural school who turned to politics in part because of his professional failure, was the model.

But intellectuals, qualified or *manqué,* tend not to survive the initial revolutionary upsurge. The need to curb the dynamism of ideas, and legitimize the ideology as the official fount of knowledge, appears to be inexorable once power has been seized. Hitler's major act in the year following the *Machtergreifung* was the Roehm massacre, by which he purged the Nazi party of the "intellectual fringe" that had played so crucial a role in his coming to power. By the same stroke, he wiped out a section of the Nazi regime's potential professional military corps, for the students and aesthetes grouped around Roehm had also been junior Reichswehr officers in World War I. They presented the same threat to Hitler jointly that, say, Trotsky and Tukhachevsky had presented to Stalin separately—the threat, in Konrad Heiden's apt phrase, of an "armed intelligentsia."

Thereafter the Nazi elite makes the familiar transition from the intellectual to the plebeian administrator as the dominant type. For Hitler as for Stalin, the process was continuous and ruthless. Throughout the 1930's, intellectuals

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were jailed, scientists fled abroad, professional men "disappeared" or "died." Even the Stalinesque decimation of the professional soldiery was institutionalized (the process of literal "decimation" having been described by Hess, in connection with the Rochm massacre, as follows: "Every tenth man, without any investigation, whether innocent or guilty, was struck by a bullet.") The professional Chiefs of Staff—von Witzleben, von Brauchitsch, von Fritsch—had to go. The Nazi "muzhiks" could not tolerate the superior knowledge and independent professional conduct of these men.

The Nazis, unlike the Bolsheviks, had not the time to crush the professionals completely. It was still possible, in the Nazi Germany of July 1944, to organize a conspiracy of soldiers and intellectuals for an attempt on Hitler's life and the seizure of power. No such attempt was ever made on Stalin's life. Despite the haste with which the Nazi drama played itself out, its final scene conformed to the totalitarian pattern: the Third Reich went down under the stewardship of the men who ruled the party apparatus and secret police, Martin Bormann and Heinrich Himmler—the opposite numbers of Malenkov and Beria.

V

One does not point out these parallel developments among the revolutionary elites of our time in order to arrive at the comforting conclusion that they must all founder sooner or later, the Nazis and Fascists sooner, the Communists later. The Nazi and Fascist regimes did not last, it is true, but it took a bloody war to bring them down. Our interest here has been rather to indicate some of the distinctive features which the Bolsheviks have shared with the other despotisms of our time. In particular, we have tried to elucidate the answer totalitarianism gives to the perennial problem of the relation of knowledge and power. In this answer we can detect certain weaknesses that call into question the viability of the totalitarian system under modern industrial conditions. But such weaknesses in the Soviet structure do not guarantee the inevitable final defeat of Stalinism as a system of world rule. Power decides who wins and who loses. And power has a logic of its own—in which knowledge may conceivably not constitute a major term within certain social settings.

I believe, however, that in the organization of modern society power is in fact a function of knowledge. The modern technological social order achieves stability when it is "progressive" and adaptive, as Schumpeter brilliantly demonstrated; it is viable in the degree that knowledge is left free to define and solve the big and little problems of the social order as they emerge. Under a liberal system of government there is always the danger that substantial numbers of citizens will refuse to recognize society's problems as their own; its triumph has been that, where the rewards of technological achievement are widely shared, the citizenry has shown itself willing and able to cope with all the difficulties and problems of modern life. The social liberation of human intelligence, under democratic dispensation, has paid large dividends in power as well as in other values.

The "moral crisis of the West," about which we have heard so much, springs from the widespread belief, especially among a certain number of Western "men of knowledge," that the Stalinist discipline pays even greater dividends, at a smaller risk.

Lord Macaulay, trying to clarify this issue, made the distinction between a "loyalty culture" and an "ingenuity culture." This distinction can help us to understand the challenge of Soviet Communism. In the end, two kinds of character are involved. Stalin's "loyalty culture" encourages obedience through purges and bribes, and it rewards loyalty above all other character traits; it has shown a strength that was scarcely suspected before the war. The democratic "ingenuity culture," by granting equal opportunity and personal autonomy to all, encourages initiative and rewards successful ingenuity; it has been challenged seriously for the first time in modern history. The characterological lines of conflict have now been drawn. Stalinism is not likely to be transformed into an "ingenuity culture" by the internal succession either of a Malenkov or a Beria. It is also unlikely that our liberal system can be undermined at home. Despite new and erratic demands for "loyalty," our commitment is to the method of free intelligence. The struggle will work itself out along these lines (although the weaker system may well resort to violence before it acknowledges defeat). In this struggle the liberal system, though it dare not relax its watchfulness, can well be confident of the outcome.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Jewish Education

To the Editor of Commentary:

Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg's recent contribution to Commentary ("Jewish Education Must Be Religious Education," May 1953) on the subject of Jewish religious education . . . can be challenged on many points.

(1) Rabbi Hertzberg reminds us that "on other shores, with much smaller budgets and not a single graduate of a teacher's college, Jewish education showed results that were a matter of pride and which still furnish an example that is the object of nostalgic yearning." Rabbi Hertzberg forgot one minor fact, namely, that on the European scene there was only one school for Jewish youth and no other interests claimed the attention of the Jewish child. Nevertheless, even in that environment there were altogether too many ignorant and illiterate Jews, although high standards of scholarship were enjoyed by a relatively small minority.

(2) Rabbi Hertzberg makes much of the fact that parents were not mentioned in the "Charter of Rights of the Jewish Child," and he concludes therefore that educational bureaucrats in the field of Jewish education are not cognizant of the parents' views and opinions on Jewish education. The contrary is true. There are very few Jewish schools today without a PTA or a PTC. Parents and teachers are organized on a district, regional, and often state and national level. Parents have exerted and are now continuing to exert tremendous influence over the course of Jewish education in America.

(3) Rabbi Hertzberg is worried about too much "unity" in the counsels of Jewish education. . . . May I assure Rabbi Hertzberg that while there were no raised fists at the National Conference on Jewish education, there is no uniformity whatsoever in the program of the Sunday schools and parochial schools.

(4) His assertion that the "increasing predominance of the synagogue school over all other forms of Jewish education" is due to articulate religious motives . . . has no basis in fact. The emergence of the synagogue as an educational, community, and recreational center, as well as a house of worship, is responsible for the growth of the synagogue school. These are social and economic factors, and they certainly have very little to do with a yearning for religious expression. Nor is it true that parents sending their children to a Jewish day school are motivated entirely by religious considerations. Some of them are, but a survey [would show] . . . that parents cross ideological lines because the secular department of the day school is superior to the public school in their community.

David I. Bloom
Principal

Ner Tamid Schools
Chicago, Illinois

To the Editor of Commentary:

It is perhaps inevitable that articles about Jewish education should serve as irritants to people in the field. There is so much to be accomplished and so many doubts about the best way to achieve even the most immediate goals that easy generalizations and facile solutions frequently lead to exasperation.

When it comes to enumerating current shortcomings in American Jewish education, Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg is most eloquent. He attacks the agreements reached by professional educators and their lay collaborators. He ridicules parents who are afraid that their children may learn too much from a curriculum that offers very little of value. He casts suspicion on "budding schools of theological thought" and finds them inadequate as an answer to our "contemporary quest for a Jewish faith."

Having thus exposed all the false prophets and reduced current idols to ashes, Rabbi Hertzberg leads us to believe that a solution is possible. While his view of the Promised Land is as yet rather dim, his immediate panacea is specific and clearly outlined. It is a school where children will learn from "the opened Bible (in Hebrew)" and from other classic texts and where the young will be taught how to "observe all the *mitzvoth*." If these are his requirements for the ideal school for our time, he does not have far to seek. These have always been the goals of the traditional *cheder* and certainly the *cheder* is still with us.

It is, of course, Rabbi Hertzberg's privilege to yearn nostalgically for a way of life in which

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every waking act was inextricably bound up with the Bible. It is also his privilege to urge all American Jews to return to the glories of the *cheder* and the *yeshivot*. But it is also the obligation of parents and professional educators alike to point out that the American Jewish school cannot be created in the image of a school which was a product of the European ghetto.

The parents who are bringing their children to our synagogue religious schools in increasing numbers have chosen to send their children to public school where they may share the educational opportunities and preparation for citizenship available to all American children. They have rejected the *cheder* which failed them, or perhaps their fathers or grandfathers before them. Rather than running away from Judaism, as Rabbi Hertzberg suggests, these parents ask to join with the synagogue school in intensifying its program. A growing number of them are participating in parent workshops for the home observance of the festivals. Jewish books and ceremonial objects are offered for sale in Judaica shops. Family services help to bring parents as well as children to worship on Friday evenings and Sabbath mornings. Parents are eager to attend seminars on the improvement of the curriculum and ask how they can cooperate with the school to carry on religious education in the home.

OURS is not the first period in Jewish history which has been beset by doubts and by the need for unpredecented adjustments. Other eras whose achievements we celebrate in our history courses once faced similar challenges. But they met their challenge by creating a synthesis between Jewish tradition and those aspects of their environment which were most in harmony with the spiritual and ethical ideals of Judaism. It is also important to note that this synthesis was expressed in the language understood by the people.

We have a similar task ahead of us today. A generation which drifted or was driven away from traditional Judaism is now bringing its children back to our synagogue schools. To offer them Rabbi Hertzberg's advice "to sit doggedly by the embers of Jewish teachings" would be a counsel of despair and defeatism. If Jews were being oppressed in America or if the study of Torah were prohibited, there might be some validity to such an answer. But when we face the prospect of building a new synthesis in a land of freedom, a better answer is needed. Parents have given evidence that they wish to participate in the creation of a school based realistically on American conditions and opportunities, but guided by Jewish ideals. The least we can do is to provide them with meaningful goals and accept their cooperation in working toward their solution.

TOBY E. KURZBAND
Educational Director
Jewish Community Center
White Plains, New York

"The Juggler"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Nathan Glick's perceptive review of *The Juggler* ("Hollywood in Israel," June 1953) mentions several similarities to *My Father's House*, naming me as the producer of the latter. It should be noted that I produced it together with Herbert Kline; I wrote it, he directed it, and the direction is usually determinant of the pace.

As to the similarities in *The Juggler*, I should like to add a few, which may be verified in the published novels of both titles.

Both stories deal with a man, woman, and orphan child who become a possible family through the healing effect of Israel.

In both, the refugee from Europe is suffering from survivor-guilt.

In both, the man and woman are brought together when the child loses his power of locomotion.

In both, there is a scene in which the child is asked how he remembers his father: In *My Father's House*, page 52, the child says, "I think he has a black mustache . . . in the evening, at home, he played, and everybody sang. . . ." In *The Juggler*, page 96, the child says, "he had a black mustache . . . the eve of Sabbath . . . my father at the piano, and sometimes my mother would sing. . . ."

In both stories, a refugee imagines he recognizes a loved one on the docks at Haifa.

In both stories, the guilt-ridden survivor feels impeded from taking part in the kibbutz dance.

There are many, many stories to be found in Israel. It seems to me that a conscientious writer, finding recently used elements coming to his mind, would turn aside from them, unless he was specifically trying to prove that these elements should be shown to have a different meaning.

MEYER LEVIN
New York City

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

How Unique Is America?

THE GENIUS OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By DANIEL J. BOORSTIN. University of Chicago Press. 202 pp. $3.25.

Reviewed by ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS

THE chapters of this short, pertinent, and upsetting book were first presented as lectures at the University of Chicago under the Walgreen Foundation. Neither their thesis nor the interpretation of the American past which is made to support it is new. Mr. Boorstin's argument is put so singly and emphatically, however, is so representative of the current return to Edmund Burke, and has such clear consequences so far as foreign policy is concerned, that it has to be taken very seriously.

The "genius" of Mr. Boorstin's title is not philosophic genius or even native political capacity. It is a "genius loci," a tutelary spirit which presides over our particular destiny. Less animistically, it is a "characteristic disposition" in our culture which results not from ideas or from any special virtue of the American people, "but from the unprecedented opportunities of this continent and from a peculiar and unrepeatable combination of historic circumstances." Since these circumstances were unique, unrepeatable, and not of our own making, it is meaningless, Mr. Boorstin contends, to try to urge other countries to follow our example. And since our circumstances and our satisfaction with the political forms bequeathed us by the Founding Fathers have kept us from original political thought or any real interest in theory as such, we have "nothing in the line of a theory that can be exported to other peoples of the world."

In expounding this thesis, Mr. Boorstin makes his two key terms "givenness" and "seamlessness." "Givenness" has two bases, one geographic, the other historic. The first is the rich, vast, and virgin continent which the providence of God reserved for Americans. The other is a governmental pattern found as suitable in 1950 as in 1800 to such a people in such a land. "Seamlessness" is the related tendency to see our politics, religion, economy, and ideas as organically and inseparably related to the special conditions of life in America. We talk more readily of an American "way of life" than of theories and ideas. This operates in time as well as space. New developments in America are not presented as denials of the past, but as a return to it, and to the whole of it. *The Genius of American Politics* itself presumably illustrates this tendency.

But what about Puritanism, the Revolution, and the Civil War? The Puritans, Mr. Boorstin says, were ideal character types to settle the new land. "A disillusioned, indolent or cowardly Puritan" was a contradiction in terms. The sophisticated and highly conceptual theology, however, which they brought from Europe gradually got "worked off," so to speak, as they mastered their environment. A sense of accomplishment replaced a sense of Providence. Understanding of the world seemed implicit in its mastery. Except to a "lonely giant like Jonathan Edwards," philosophy became less important than institutions.

The political "givenness" of the American Revolution lay more in the British constitution than in the ideas of the Enlightenment, especially the European Enlightenment. With C. H. McIlwain, Mr. Boorstin believes "that the major issue of the American Revolution was the true constitution of the British Empire." Indeed, he agrees with the DAR that it was not a revolution at all. It was a rebellion on constitutional grounds against a tyrannical king.

As the War of Independence was not genuinely a revolution, so the Civil War was not, as the Beards believed, a "second American Revolution." "The North and the South each considered that it was fighting primarily for its legal rights under the sacred federal Constitution." The debate between the North and South Mr. Boorstin finds to be mainly sociologic, a conflict not of principles, but of regional

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ways of life. Each region tried to show that its society was securer and happier than the other. The normative merged with the descriptive, the "ought" with the "is." Northern and Western leaders were more concerned, for example, with the future of the white workingman than with the rights of the Negro. The "fire-eating Abolitionists," who lacked a sense of wholeness, were an unrepresentative and uninfluential minority.

In so describing the American tradition, Mr. Boorstin is reacting to recent European history as Edmund Burke reacted to the French Revolution. The European, he points out, is constantly surrounded by monuments and records of incompatible national pasts. He has seen violent oscillations of regime, each rejecting some of those pasts. The ideologies of European political parties are ideologies of ends. "Europe has become the noisy champion of man's power to make over his culture at will. Communism is, in one sense, the extravagances of the French Revolution rewritten on the Gargantuan scale. . . ." Assuming common ends, American political parties disagree only over means.

Reacting against Europe, Mr. Boorstin rejects interpretations of American political history which seem to Europeanize it. As against Carl Becker, he minimizes the role of natural-law theory in the Revolution, because that relates the Founding Fathers to a tradition going back through Locke and Aquinas to Cicero and Aristotle, and leads to an attempt to define and describe American democracy in terms drawn from two and a half millennia of Western European political thought. Similarly he opposes such economic interpretation as that in Louis Hacker's *Triumph of American Capitalism*. Economic interpretation necessarily emphasizes profound material changes and the real conflicts that have attended them, and relates American to world developments.

Such interpretation also necessarily suggests that the motives and forces which the Founding Fathers represent were not adequately defined in their own pronouncements. "At the risk of seeming naive, I should like to consider the outlandish possibility that men like Jefferson and Adams all along meant what they were saying. . . ." He deplores the tendency "in this age of Marx and Freud . . . to take it for granted that, if people talk about one thing, they must be thinking about something else." This, of course, is not at all what Marx and Freud meant when they made the observation—which a conservative above all ought to be ready to accept—that people are influenced in their behavior and ideas by more influences than they are immediately conscious of or than they can fit into their conceptual schemes.

Like many who have rediscovered conservatism, Mr. Boorstin makes with intelligent clarity some perfectly valid points. It is true that continuity and wholeness are goods in themselves, that many of our values are implicit in our imaginative and emotional identification with particular places and institutions and ways of life, and cannot be put into explicit formulas, and that we should be suspicious of grand schemes for recasting human society. Since national cultures are unique, no nation should attempt to force other nations to make themselves over in its image. Nor can we by an act of will produce a political philosophy which will outdo Marxism in intellectual excitement as well as material benefits.

One can accept all this without coming to Mr. Boorstin's lamentable conclusions. Our strength as a nation, Mr. Boorstin believes, derives from the fact that our inner sanctum, our Holy of Holies, is a bare, empty room, both religiously and philosophically. The people who have wanted to fill it, people like Josiah Royce, Henry George, and Herbert Croly, also wanted a role for the state "like what was familiar in nineteenth century Europe." It would be a mistake if we let the contest with Russia drive us to try to define and promulgate our ideas. Our proper response is the one both North and South made during the pre-Civil War period. That is to clarify and deepen our sense of the "givenness" of our way of life, and not to try to convert anyone else to it. To concentrate on the abolition of slavery in the Soviet realm is to go wrong in the same fashion as fire-eating Abolitionists like Garrison and Phillips. "We must refuse to become crusaders" whether for liberalism or conservatism. "We must refuse to try to export our commodity."

To this one can only reply that it is indeed necessary to understand the uniqueness of nations as of individual human beings and of works of art. But this understanding of the "givenness" of artistic genius does not keep us from writing criticism in which art is judged and interpreted by general standards. The uniqueness of individuals does not keep them from forming societies, sharing a language full

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of abstract terms, and making assertions of right or wrong. The American indebtedness to European culture is as great as the continuing European fascination—critical though it has been—with the American realization of democracy. Now we are in an international situation in which every decision we make, whether negative or positive, is bound to affect all the rest of the world. What a time to stop thinking! Unless these decisions are to be made blindly, opportunistically, selfishly, they require the greatest efforts at self-transcendence. We can understand what we are doing, see it in perspective, only if we relate American democracy to the whole Western political tradition (to which it is much closer than Fascism or Communism) and to the world social and economic developments of the last century and a half. Such an emphasis facilitates collaboration with our allies or potential allies, because it provides a common terminology and common assumptions. If maximizing common assumptions and common traditions has been a source of strength for America, why not for the West generally? This need not keep us from loving our country or feeling uniquely American.

Mr. Boorstin, however, recommends the opposite course, the minimizing of common experiences and ideas, and an emphasis on those qualities in American experience which cannot and should not be dealt with conceptually. It is the intellectual equivalent of Mr. Taft's suggestion that we should "go it alone." He seems to take too literally Bagehot's contention that it was "stupidity" which was the secret of the success of parliamentary institutions in England. Socrates said that the unreflective life was not worth living. This can be true in national terms, also, and in the situation in which we now find ourselves might well be disastrous. Even if political intellectuals have made a good many mistakes in this country, self-liquidation hardly seems the answer.

Peoples Meeting Everywhere

WHERE PEOPLES MEET: ETHNIC AND RACIAL FRONTIERS. By EVERETT C. HUGHES AND HELEN M. HUGHES. The Free Press. 204 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR MANN

HARDLY an American college worthy of the name graduates a student today who has not become familiar with at least the term of "racial relations." Even the engineering schools, heretofore notorious for their long resistance to humanizing the technologist, expose undergraduates to Richard Wright and Ruth Benedict.

Thirty and forty years ago ethnologists, economists, political scientists, and sociologists were also race-conscious, but in quite a different sense. They then wrote in a manner such as to question whether non-Anglo-Saxons belonged to the human race. The National Origins Plan of 1924 was, in part, the end product of their writings. In the past decade the pendulum has swung to the other side, as social scientists extol the virtues of "minorities" and discredit the prejudices of the majority. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes and a handful of others stand for a new orientation. They care neither to damn non-Anglo-Saxons, as did Henry Pratt Fairchild, nor to damn Anglo-Saxons, as does Carey McWilliams. Rather they hope that the study of how different peoples meet and form relations with one another will reveal the processes by which cultures carry on. The godfather in this respect for sociologists is Robert E. Park.

The Hugheses acknowledge the influence of Park in their book. An old hand in the field, Everett Hughes has followed through on Park's germinal idea, and has a record of solid research in French Canadian life and Negroes in industry. Apart from five of his essays appended to the volume, *Where Peoples Meet* is the joint product of husband and wife. They avoid the ponderous jabberwocky of their profession to write clearly, cleanly, and without pretension. Indeed, they are capable of chiding sociologists who take "refuge in an invented lingo," and of wondering what anthropologists will do once the illiterates they write about learn to read what has been written about them.

The Hugheses expect scholars to combat prejudice. However, they believe that sociologists who collect sweat specimens of Negroes and whites in order to prove that Negroes smell as sweetly as whites only prove that sociology is silly. Further, they consider it unscientific to deny the existence of "discernible and significant differences" between ethnic groups. The denial is also dangerous, the Hugheses warn: first because it suggests the validity of racial discrimination for groups that *are* different; and second because most Americans feel that ethnic groups are not alike and will therefore conclude that "the whole propa-

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ganda for tolerance [is] a fake intended to obfuscate them."

THE central thesis of what are really independent essays is that one cannot examine ethnic relations from "an ethnocentric point of view," that is, neither from the point of view of a single group nor from that of the United States. The scholar must get away from the idea of uniqueness. A corollary of this is that ethnic and racial groups belong to social science even when they are not subject to prejudice and second-class citizenship. The Hugheses are as much concerned with the Boers as the Blacks in South Africa; with the Dutch as the Indonesians in Indonesia; the Spanish as the Indians in Mexico; the whites as the Negroes in America. They call attention to the need to examine the "situation" or "cultural frontier," the area where different peoples of a community meet. Such examination will shed light on the processes of adjustment and accommodation of whole cultures, and of peoples who have moved, or who are moving, or who have been affected by peoples on the move in the past four hundred years.

Two chapters, commendable for accurate condensation and comprehension, survey ethnic frontiers—both past and present—on a global basis. In America there was first the frontier between invading Europeans and native Indians. Then followed frontiers between Europeans, that of English and Germans in Pennsylvania, of Latins and British on the Gulf Coast, of Scandinavians and New Englanders west of the Mississippi, and many other sorts today in polyethnic America. From the beginning there has been the frontier between black and white. South of the United States we find a frontier of Spaniards and Indians, while in the islands of the Caribbean there is the one of Europeans, colored, Negroes, and natives.

The point of taking the globe as the setting is that we find scores of interesting questions. The Hugheses note that there is little anti-Semitism in Brazil, and would like to know the difference between the Jewish-Gentile frontier in that country and in the United States. How does the white American and the British civil servant rank respectively the Negro doctor and the Hindu lawyer: low in terms of color or high in terms of profession? And how do the two professional men of color rank themselves in the presence of whites? We find that the Jewish middleman in Eastern Europe, despised by both aristocrat and peasant, was not really unique. In the East Indies, the Chinese trader stands precariously between the European upper strata and the natives, as does the Indian shopkeeper between the Boer and the black in South Africa. One would like, the Hugheses imply, to know whether the Polish steelworkers in the Rhineland differ from the ones who have settled in the Midwest. The Hugheses wonder if there are parallels to the French Canadians, whose villages continue unchanged because their rebels and surplus sons are swallowed up by the English Canadian and New England Yankee cultures.

We learn that religion in America rests on an ethnic base. The British support the Baptist, Congregationalist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Unitarian churches; the Scandinavians and Germans the Lutheran church; the Irish, Lithuanians, Poles, Italians, and others the Catholic church; the Jews the Jewish synagogue. Despite claims of universality, the Catholic church recognizes differences among its adherents as regards language, liturgy, and saints. The authors record that South Americans find Catholic services in the United States to be more like Presbyterian services than the Catholic worship, for example, in Rio de Janeiro. Catholic auxiliaries, furthermore, reveal the desire of Catholic women to slough off immigrant and lower-class antecedents and to be like middle-class Protestants. One would like to know, like *which* Protestants? The Hugheses might also have noted that among Lutherans the native-born also want to be like others. In the case of the Jews, reforms in liturgy and theology show the same desire to adjust to America. In New England, the model was the Unitarian church. And there is the interesting process, not mentioned by the Hugheses, whereby the cultural frontier among Jews, Catholics, and Protestants has contributed to a new conception of God. In the name of toleration, the religious of all faiths today believe that God will save everyone who is good—as Father Feeney of Boston has learned to his misfortune.

THE Hugheses acknowledge that they are only on the frontier of racial and ethnic study, and await researchers to break ground and plow the wilderness. Everett Hughes' essay on marginality and status, which calls for monographs on the "possible" ways that highly placed members of low-ranking groups react to the dominant group, alone contains enough

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suggestions to engage scholars for years. It is to be hoped, and the authors seem to share this hope, that the researchers will not become prisoners of *a priori* categories; too often anthropologists and sociologists have merely searched to document what they thought to be true before they ventured into the field. The source material is of a richness and variety such as to expect that new categories, and therefore new wisdom, will emerge.

Israeli Culture

ISRAEL BETWEEN EAST AND WEST: A STUDY IN HUMAN RELATIONS. By RAPHAEL PATAI. The Jewish Publication Society of America. 340 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by ALEPH V. SHERMAN

PROFESSOR PATAI'S present work is an all too clear illustration of the pitfalls which beset the attempt to apply dogmatically the findings and concepts of cultural anthropology to modern society. His main theme is a "defense" of Middle Eastern cultures in general and of Oriental Jewry in particular against assumptions of Western superiority, and against the attempt by Israeli society to assimilate the Oriental immigrants to its way of life. In a series of rapid asides he also passes judgment on Israeli economic problems, "discrimination" against Oriental immigrants, patterns of settlement, the basis of Western culture in general, and East-West relations.

His main theme, borrowed from the anthropological studies of primitive societies, is that "Each culture has complete validity for its own carriers." Having defined Middle Eastern society and European-American society as two distinct cultures, represented in Israel by the Sephardi-Orientals and the Ashkenazim, respectively, he calls for equal respect for their characteristics, for strong action to safeguard and, if necessary, to revive the Oriental "cultural foci," and to produce in Israel some synthesis of East and West (of which, I am afraid, he does not offer any operative definition) that could then serve as the basis for East-West relations in general.

His definitions of Eastern and Western culture (depending largely on one or two writers like Northrop and Junek and on his own experiences and relationships in Jerusalem) are as a rule highly emotive. While producing what can justly be called a glamorized version of the Middle East and a caricature of Western civilization, he strongly denounces as "stereotypes," "racialism," "ignorance," and "prejudice" any suggestions that it is more important for the Oriental immigrants to adjust to the largely modern-European content of Israeli society than for the European element to absorb Eastern values.

Professor Patai contrasts what he calls the "esthetic and emotionally immediate religious values to which the East has primarily devoted its attention" with the "scientific, doctrinal, and pragmatic values upon which the West has concentrated." The West has focused on "economic and material advancement," has "narrowed its field of vision." "Esthetics occupies a relatively minor place in Western culture" with its "daily seven to nine hours of work," its commuting, etc.

In traditional Eastern culture, on the other hand, "the great masses of the simple people live a life in which esthetics plays a considerable role. The execution of a piece of work, be it a shoe or a chair . . . gives the artisan a deep sense of satisfaction and interest . . . sorely missed by the Western factory worker who for eight solid hours a day is tied to his place along the assembly line repeating in endless monotony one single movement. . . . "

In Western civilization, religion "has at best a rather narrowly delimited field of its own, and is somewhat out of touch with the focal economic and technological complexes. . . . In the East, on the other hand, the great majority of the people is religious . . . morality always appears in the guise of religion . . . all custom and tradition is basically religious."

The emotive content is even stronger where Professor Patai praises Eastern "resignation" even if, as he admits, this resignation is sometimes a resignation in the face of disorder and violence. "Oriental harmony is not a statistical phenomenon and cannot be measured in terms of abstention from violence and quarreling; it is a mood . . . and therefore not to be invalidated by any amount of empirical evidence about the frequency of battles, enslavements and tortures."

Now in fact Eastern and Western "cultures" are not anthropologically distinct, since they share a common history and philosophy, and began to diverge seriously only a matter of cen-

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turies ago, so that most of the characteristics for which Professor Patai demands absolute respect on grounds of their "cultural validity" belonged equally to medieval Europe, and broke down as a pre-condition for industrial and technological development. Eighteenth-century philosophers and sociologists were already discussing the differences between Western and Middle Eastern culture well before the invention of steam power, which Patai considers to be "one of the main basic complexes . . . in Western Civilization." Montesquieu is only one example.

If one substitutes "primitive" for "Oriental," a truer picture emerges. Even in the making of shoes and chairs, it was found that cobblers and carpenters coming from Iraq and North Africa could not work well enough to suit Israeli needs, and had either to be given courses in European quality work, or degenerated into laborers. In general, Patai's disquisition on aesthetic awareness as well as quality of work, is based entirely on experiences in a certain milieu of old Jerusalem, a tourist city, and bears no relation to the lives and outlook of the great mass of Arab and Jewish villagers and small-town dwellers of the Middle East, who live their whole lives under conditions of incredible filth, disease, raggedness, and ugliness, often without a single object of beauty in their possession or surroundings: Professor Patai's image of the aesthetic satisfactions of Oriental life is if anything even more artificial than his concept of the "endless monotony" of factory work in the West.

Though one can perhaps say what modern Western civilization is, it is impossible to give a clear picture of what a truly modern 20th-century *Oriental* society would be like, and wherein it would differ from Western society. Egypt, Syria, or Iraq are the present expression of Oriental mores; what would have to be changed in Oriental mores to make possible a fusion between East and West on the basis of equality? Professor Patai makes no effort to answer this question; on the last page of his book he concludes that Israel must "substitute . . . Western . . . responses to generally existing human needs in cases where the traditional Oriental responses obviously fall short, as in the fields of medicine, education, sanitation, social welfare, technology." Yet for so many new immigrants in Israel, their sanitary or economic responses do not "obviously fall short" nor is it "obvious" to them that their children should have to attend school—quite the contrary. The whole question of what adjustments must be made to enable the Oriental (or primitive) man to fit into modern society should be near the beginning of any serious study of the kind Professor Patai's preface offers to give us, not at the end.

It is characteristic of his book that though he denounces Israeli scholars and authorities for having carried out no studies in this and allied fields, his book ignores the volume of serious pioneer work (insufficient though it undoubtedly is) already done. In particular the periodical *Megamoth*, which published the work both of academic sociologists, anthropologists, and educationalists, and of practical workers in these fields, has during the past three years collected a good deal of material, yet Professor Patai is apparently unaware of its existence. Most of the studies in question reject Professor Patai's thesis of two parallel cultures in Israeli Jewry, and stress the existence of one central cohesive culture, with peripheral groups none of which has shown itself capable or desirous of living a self-perpetuating existence; in other words, Oriental culture does not have "equal validity for its own carriers," who want some, at least, of the fruits of Yishuv modes of life.

Professor Patai's book is also superficial in its attempt to lay down the law about patterns of settlement on the basis of three journalistic articles he read in a newspaper, and a talk he had with the vice-chairman of a village. There are hundreds of settlements of all kinds, and if he did not have the time to do serious field work during his two brief visits to Israel since 1947, he might at least have endeavored to acquaint himself with the opinions of qualified people who have worked in this field during the past four years. Again, he writes with great certainty about the work and successes of agencies like the Histadrut, the school system, and the army, using only "public relations" material showing one approach to the question, though in fact conflicting views are held on these subjects in Israel. He also plunges with the same certainty into economic judgments, and analysis of relations with the Arab powers, with whom he feels sure peace and good relations are imminent; surely a knowledge of anthropology is no justification for sweeping judgments on controversial questions in other disciplines.

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It is difficult to deal with the vexed question of religion in Israel in the course of a review, but both the religious and non-religious alike agree that religion among the Oriental immigrants rapidly loses its hold upon their arrival here. In their own countries religion was an unquestioned part of life (except in some urban areas of North Africa, where Jewish life was disintegrating); in Israel, where religion can be questioned, or rather ignored, they, and even more so their children, have tended to fall away. Far from having a religious contribution to make to the Westerners, they have depended to a large extent on the activities of the "Western" Orthodox organizations, Mizrachi and Agudat Yisrael, to protect and revitalize their religious organization and knowledge, and help them adjust it to new conditions. True, the majority of the Westerners have this task to face themselves, but they have to face it at a higher (or at least later) level, and cannot be expected to return to the literal faith and devotion to ritual of the primitive communities.

In general the writer's unawareness of the spiritual content of Western values and his identification with the "unappreciated Oriental"—an attitude which among non-Jews produces the Arabophile anti-Zionist—lead him into several logical contradictions. Though he stretches anthropological "moral neutrality" to the point of insisting that all Oriental characteristics are defensible simply on the grounds of their place in an existing culture pattern, he is ready to denounce the Western element on moral grounds for not recognizing the absolute validity of cultural differences as the basis for social planning, and for a tendency to see the clash of the two cultures more as a problem of social adjustment than of cultural interpretation.

There was a time when psychological explanations instead of clarifying moral, social, and economic issues tended to "psychologize" them away, leaving a valueless void; the logical conclusion of Professor Patai's method appears to be the same. One can compare his attitude with that of another group of intellectuals who have lost faith in Western spiritual values (or denied their existence, much the same thing): the "left". They, too, find an "oppressed mass" with whom to identify their sense of injustice, speak in its name, and, by masking its real problems, do more harm than good.

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The destructiveness of Professor Patai's attitude is clear in the section where he makes violent attacks on Israeli society for alleged discrimination and "racial thinking" against the Oriental immigrants, not so long after he accuses the society of wanting to assimilate them and destroy their separate identity. As evidence he adduces only vague accusations of discrimination, which could hardly fail to appear in a society faced with so many tensions and personal difficulties, and which are always difficult to disprove. The complete *unawareness* of ethnic differences among the younger Hebrew-speaking generation would be the best indicator of the general direction of Israeli society, and the will to unity of its people.

Jews in the Colonial Era

EARLY AMERICAN JEWRY. By JACOB R. MARCUS. Jewish Publication Society of America. Vol. I, 301 pp, $3.50. Vol. II., 594 pp, $4.00.

Reviewed by OSCAR HANDLIN

THE history of Colonial America has an intrinsic importance; it was in the Colonial period that our national institutions began to take form. Unfortunately, other considerations have often obscured our view of it. Thus for many groups Colonial history became the touchstone by which they demonstrated their sense of belonging in America. Since the 1890's, a host of ethnic societies have pursued the quest for pre-Revolutionary ancestors. Devoted as their labors have been, their filiopietistic zeal has also produced distortions in our understanding of the beginnings of modern American institutions.

The Jews have been altogether characteristic in this respect. Investigation of the Jewish past in America has always reached back to the 17th and 18th centuries. The careers of the handful of Jews then living in the New World were often overladen with myth out of the desire to justify the group's place in American life.

We must therefore welcome from the pen of Professor Marcus a study that comes as close to being definitive as we are likely to have. Professor Marcus has mastered the corpus of existing sources; has handled this material with moderation and sobriety; and he has judiciously put together an accurate account of this phase of the American past that is not likely to be modified substantially so far as its facts are concerned. New data from American and European archives may fill out occasional details in his narrative. But the work as a whole will stand for a long time.

PROFESSOR MARCUS'S account falls into two unequal parts. The first, which takes up all of the first volume and more than half of the second, is a detailed study, colony by colony, of whatever Jews are known to have lived in America before 1790. Beginning with Canada and moving southward from province to province through Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, the book exhaustively describes the development of Jewish settlement in each area. The account is meticulous and is enriched with copious quotations from sources often hitherto unpublished.

This section of the book is factual and uninterpretive. Occasionally it touches on familiar material in a fresh and enlightening way; there is, for instance, a judicious and probably definitive account of the career of Haym Solomon in the second volume. Occasionally relatively obscure and hitherto neglected personages are dealt with. But its detail and thoroughness make every part of the work useful.

The disadvantage of this treatment derives from its method. The first part of the work is an accumulation of details, and often it reads that way. It lacks generalization and will prove unexciting to those who are not particularly concerned with the problems on which it touches.

No doubt Professor Marcus himself felt the force of this possible objection. The second part of his study, the last half of Volume Two, comes a long way towards meeting it. Six chapters of "Survey and Retrospect" go back over the same ground, but from a generalized rather than from the particular point of view. These pages treat the coming of the immigrants, their religious and communal organization, their cultural and philanthropic activities, their class composition and social situation, their acculturation, and their struggle for political equality. And in a brief summary conclusion Professor Marcus presents his views on the meaning of the whole process.

These generalizations are often enlightening. Unfortunately they often repeat material given in the first part of the book. The work as a

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whole would no doubt have profited from the integration of its two sections; the generalizations, withheld to the end, would have strengthened the narrative.

THE picture presented of early American Jewry is clear in its outlines. There were never more than a handful of Jews in the Colonies. At the time of the Revolution it would appear they numbered no more than two thousand five hundred.

These folk were not transferred to the New World by any mass movement; they were individuals who moved from Europe as a result of accidental, personal displacements. By and large they drifted easily into the main currents of American life. They made use successfully of their mercantile training and their dispersion through the Colonies reflected the nature of their commercial interests. They encountered few pressing group problems. Although the religious liabilities that existed in Europe had been, in law, transplanted to the other side of the Atlantic, they seemed to have imposed no genuine burden on the Jews who came to the New World.

By the end of the 18th century these Jews were at home. Although their numbers did not grow and they were altogether unaggressive, they then held an established place in American life.

What then was the significance of the history of these few scattered fugitives? Its larger meaning lies in its relation to the much greater waves of migration that followed in the 19th and 20th centuries. The reception and the adjustments of the millions of Jews who arrived in the United States after 1800 were intimately conditioned by the earlier experience of the few hundred who had already arrived here. The decay of traditional communal institutions and the emergence of new forms, for instance, shaped the way in which the later arrivals built their own cultural and social organizations. In the same way the Colonial struggle for political equality significantly influenced the developments of the 19th century.

These are problems probably outside the scope of Professor Marcus's study; he touches on them only casually and without any effort at rounded answers. The task of evaluating this experience in its larger context is therefore yet to be performed. But in the execution of that task, Professor Marcus's volumes will have enduring value.

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The Beard Is Not the Jew

A TREASURY OF JEWISH LETTERS. Edited by FRANZ KOBLER. Farrar, Straus and Young. 2 vols., 750 pp. $9.00.

Reviewed by JACOB SLOAN

THESE letters are disappointing. Knowing that they extend from the 15th century before the Common Era to the 17th century after it, one is prepared to find ample evidence of the piety that has played so large and distinctive an element in our culture, and that of the world as a whole, during those three millennia. But one hopes for other things besides religiosity: ideas, sentiments, or insights capable of relating the pre-Emancipation world of the letter writers to our own world. Unfortunately, the *Treasury of Jewish Letters* before us is based on no such historical principle, and no such vital relationship between the past and present emerges from its two volumes and 750 pages. Instead, the editor has preferred the conventional, static approach; he has selected representations of "traditional," i.e. conformist, Jewish attitudes. The image of the Jews that comes through these letters, reinforced by the editor's copious introductions, footnotes, and running comments, is that of an undifferentiated body of like-minded individuals living their lives on a high safe plateau of faith bounded by reason.

Inevitably, the result of this concentration on the virtues and values of "normative" Judaism makes very dull reading indeed. The bulk of the *Treasury* consists of antiquarian or scholarly curiosa: the legalistic Responsa of eminent rabbis, notably the Babylonian Geonim, to questions of ritual determination; letters of admonition, or ethical wills, which pious parents, like the much overrated Glueckel of Hameln, addressed to their children; learned letters produced by eminent theologians like Maimonides; polemical letters composed by Jewish sectarians in refutation of one another's dogmas, or those of their Christian opponents; businesslike letters to and from communities, dealing with local affairs; naive travelers' letters; the stylized productions of professional letter writers, like the elegant Leon de Modena; euphemistic Biblical paraphrases written during the early Hebrew Renaissance (Haskalah); and, for good measure, a few folksy Yiddish notes and one florid love letter.

All these letters are edifying, high-minded, and tell us something about particular historical moments. But in both subject and tone they are almost invariably irrelevant to our present situation. For the simple fact is that, like the rest of the contemporary world, Jewry can no longer be contained (if ever it really could be) within the description of a religious, or even a religio-national society. Certainly, whatever may have been the case in the past, nowadays our religious institutions are vestigial forms, our personal faith inconsequential. We wish the State of Israel well, but few even of our most fervent Zionists are willing to sacrifice their citizenship to become Jewish nationals. Hence, any collection of letters that depicts the Jewish group as a homogeneous community devotedly realizing its ethical destiny in history is altogether out of accord with the reality of our present character. That is not what we are; and it does not help us in the least to understand what we really are to say, as the *Treasury* does, that that is all that our forefathers were.

Besides—and more important—we do not believe it. We have written and living evidence in Jewish proverbs, jokes, stories, songs, and mores from Biblical times to the present proving beyond a doubt that those whose epigones we are supposed to be were never so noble and boring as these letters would seem to indicate. The people who invented the saying *Beser a Yid on a bord eyder a bord on a Yid* ("Better a Jew without a beard than a beard without a Jew"), had something important to tell us about both piety and the Jew that is not in the *Treasury*, something that aids us immeasurably in our search for an identity as unpious Jews. The absence of these hardheaded wits from the genteel pages of the *Treasury* convinces us of the work's failure as meaningful cultural history.

Finally, the letters in the *Treasury* fail *as letters*. After all, unless one is a professional sociologist (for whom the *Treasury* was presumably not intended), one does not read letters *primarily* for expression of a public temper. Reading letters printed in a book is the same as going through other people's mail in the hope of finding out their secrets—only these envelopes have been opened for us, and our reading is sanctioned. Even official correspondence is chiefly read for unofficial ideas and private feelings when it appears in print.

Now one cannot expect a great deal of self-conscious breast-baring in an anthology of Jew-

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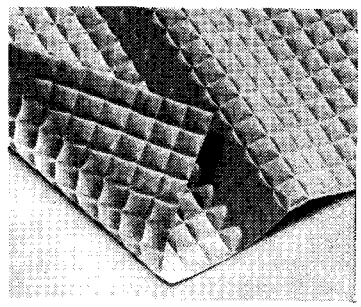

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ish letters that ends before the Emancipation. For it is undeniable that the best minds within our tradition suppressed their egos because of a strongly felt bias against tampering with written formulae that had long expressed the religious truth succinctly and completely. Still, there were bound to be important exceptions to that self-negation; there were letters that bore the imprint of their authors as individuals, not merely as recording types. The editor's omission of such letters is a serious one. But even more unfortunate was the imperception that brought him to neglect the possibilities in the very letters that he did print.

For, despite the manifest limitations of the *Treasury*, there are many letters in it that fairly cry for the hand of a cultural historian. Take for example one by Sahal ben Mazliah, a 10th-century Karaite sectarian. Ben Mazliah is quoted as writing: "Know that every one of our brethren is responsible. . . . We are not obliged at all to walk in the paths of our fathers." True, this early protestantism was violently opposed and put down by the dominant traditionalists. Nevertheless, it was symptomatic of an anarchistic tendency in the supposedly monolithic Jewish group; and anyone at all familiar with the Jews recognizes a definite strain of individualism in our group that crops up time and again, in the unlikeliest of places. (Thus an outsider like Pepys, visiting a 17th-century synagogue in England, marveled to observe the lack of decorum during the religious services. He described the worshipers as talking and moving about freely—just as they do nowadays in all but the High, Gentile-like synagogues.) Sahal ben Mazliah's outburst was clearly rebellious and at odds with the common norm. But for purposes of understanding our culture it could well serve as an important counterpoint to the confidence of his more celebrated foe, the Babylonian Hai Gaon, that the Lord would give his strong-minded conservatism "a happy time and prosperous issue, because I deserve it well."

But the *Treasury* contains large doses of the Hai Gaons and only fleeting mention of the underground Ben Mazliahs. In addition, it is quite unaware of the peculiar significance of the Hai Gaons themselves when viewed objectively. For example, the editor records straight-faced the labors of Menasseh ben Israel to convince Cromwell that by admitting the Jews into England he would be hastening the Christian millennium. What a wonderful opportunity to examine the mentality and *modus operandi* of a Jewish type that is still with us in a more up-to-date version—the *shtadlan*-intergroup representative! What a prime example of Jewish political improvisation! And how characteristic! (Think of Herzl trying to *buy* an ideal national homeland from the Sultan of Turkey.)

One could go on citing the unminted riches of the *Treasury*: Maimonides, who devoted his considerable powers to elevating Judaism through reference to Aristotelean philosophy, nevertheless seriously advising potential martyrs to their faith that they could convert in all good conscience if their lives depended on it; or Spinoza, ingeniously and indignantly denying that his teachings might lead to the atheism which it palpably adumbrated. Letters such as these, examined subtly and freely, for what they fail to say as well as for what they say, for their lapses as well as for their acumen, could be invaluable to us. They might not afford us a consistent system of Judaism; but they could discover for us all kinds of leading ideas: ideas about how our fathers viewed themselves and their time in comparison with how we view ourselves and our times; ideas about what they thought of their past, and what we may think of ours. And certainly any sophisticated reading of these letters should convince us that we can no longer tolerate the simple judgments about their authors to which we have been subjected. Like ours, their lives were not simple, on their solutions.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

Robert Gorham Davis is professor of English at Smith.

Arthur Mann teaches history at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Aleph V. Sherman lives in Israel. His article about the Mapam-Mapai struggle in Kibbutz Ain Harod appeared in our March issue.

Oscar Handlin won the Pulitzer Prize for history last year for his book *The Uprooted*.

Jacob Sloan has published poetry and critical writing in Commentary and other periodicals.

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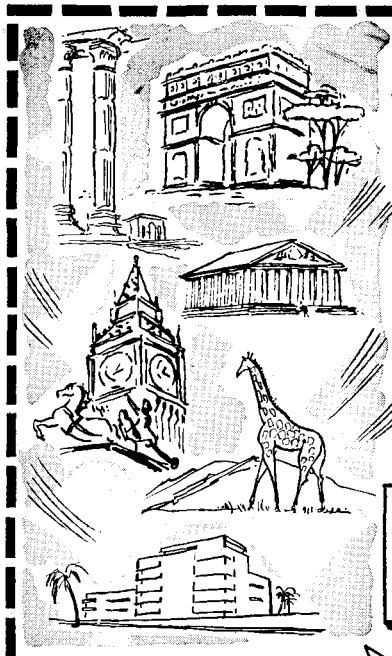

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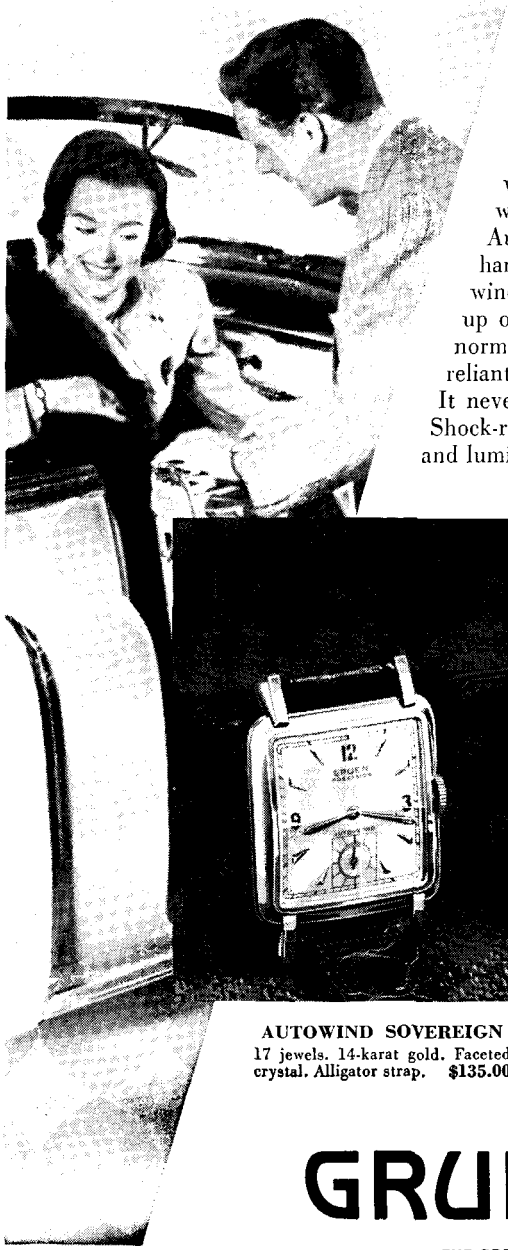

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